

## BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY: Alfred Preis

*"I do believe deeply that the arts [reside] in the truly human area where each individual is going to do something he or she does because he or she wants to do something well, and does it better and better and better, until he or she gets it right. This is the essence of a successful life, because you can do it as a cook, you can do that by making beds."*

Alfred Preis was born in Vienna, Austria on February 11, 1911. After graduating from high school in 1929, Preis traveled throughout Europe working miscellaneous jobs. He later returned to Vienna to study architecture. In 1939, he and his wife, Jana, left Nazi-occupied Austria for Hawai'i, where an architectural job awaited him.

During World War II, Preis and his wife were interned in Honolulu for several months along with many other Europeans. In 1943, Preis opened his own architectural firm. Although he designed many buildings and private homes during his career as an architect, Preis is perhaps best known as the designer of the USS *Arizona* Memorial at Pearl Harbor.

In 1963, Preis became state planning coordinator. While serving in that position, he helped draft the bill that established the State Foundation on Culture and the Arts [SFCA] in 1965. Preis served as acting executive director of the SFCA until July 1, 1966, when he was formally appointed executive director. He retired from the position in 1980.

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ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with

Alfred Preis (AP)

July 19, 1990

Honolulu, O'ahu

BY: Joe Rossi (JR) and Michiko Kodama-Nishimoto (MK)

JR: This is an interview with Alfred Preis, conducted July 19, 1990, on the University of Hawai'i campus. The interviewers are Michiko Kodama-Nishimoto and Joe Rossi.

To begin with, Mr. Preis, could you tell us where you were born and when?

AP: I was born February 2, 1911, in Vienna, Austria. That was before the outbreak of the First World War. I lived at that time in a working-class district. My grandfather, whom I never knew, was a furniture maker and had his workshop there. And my father was in the army and sent his wife to live somewhere near the grandmother, so that she would be sheltered and protected and have help. I lived in that area for three years and got ill, because the living conditions in Vienna at that time were dreadful. The apartments were not worth anything. My grandmother lived in a suite composed of a large kitchen and one room, and to get into the room you had to walk through the kitchen. The only illumination at that time was kerosene lamps, which absorbed all the oxygen in the room.

(Laughter)

AP: And I dreaded to have to sleep there from time to time, because I couldn't breathe.

But the situation in Vienna at that time—already before the outbreak of the war—was so that tuberculosis was all-prevalent. And when I was four years old, I got a touch of [tuberculosis] on my lungs. And I don't know how my mother achieved that, but she got me to stay in a sanatorium, which was—that was already during the war. The war broke out in 1914. [The sanatorium] was administered by the wives and daughters of Austrian aristocrats. It was a little chalet—a hunting chalet—up on the foothills of the Alps. I was dropped there by my mother, and she was advised, evidently, to leave me (without saying goodbye). When I found out (that she had left), I cried for the whole day.

(Soon) I (became) very happy where I was. I had good food. But primarily (the ladies read or told me stories. They spoke) beautiful German and spoke, that



means they constantly conversed with me, with (each) of us. I (was released) after about half a year, not only hale but a different person. They planted seeds in me of curiosity—of (love for) literature (and good German). But the sheer interest these women had in us left an imprint on me which I still cherish. It was very important (for my future education).

My mother then moved into a different district, near the Danube Canal, where there were parks in walking distance, and so I could be outdoors. Afterwards, she moved into a small old town on the Danube, Klosterneuburg. She was very anxious that (I) would have good air.

And from there, when I was five, we moved to a village on the other side of the Danube, (to Strebersdorf). Am I too detailed? And there I lived until 1923, which made me twelve years old. And this little village (housed) a seminary for Catholic priests. The whole village was Catholic. Austria was Catholic, but that village, particularly, was Catholic because (it was a) training (center for hundreds of young seminarists). I participated in every one of the festivals and festivities and (religious) holidays and parades. I became a devout Catholic. (Tape inaudible.)

In 1923—well, the only other thing I can say, I had my very first two loves when I was six years or seven years old. We had, in the kindergarten and in the elementary schools, girls also. That is, for Austria, novel. (Schools) were (otherwise) separated according to sex. And I discovered here that that other sex was fascinating. Of course, I never dared (talk to) them or approach them. But these were strong impressions.

We moved to Vienna then, into a (huge) building which was almost 400 years old and which was originally built outside of the bastion walls of Vienna and was a (fortress) for cavalry. At that time, the cavalry had to be able to intercept other cavalries. Vienna was (besieged) twice by the Turks and (was) salvaged (both times) by cavalry. The building was two stories high, had huge rooms, had big walls two feet thick, and had (large) courts with (marvelous) old trees. But it was filthy, (run down), full of bedbugs (and rats), and it was (occupied) at that time with people very different from those in my sanatorium.

But I started to snoop around there. I found there a place which was used during the war—that was now after the war already, the First World War—as a chapel for the soldiers. It was full of rubbish (and filth). But I was curious. And at that time, as young as I was and as little as I knew of anything, I was convinced that that was (originally) a theater. And I tried to find out what it was. I couldn't, because I didn't know (how). Later on I started to speculate that it must have been the theater where Mozart (first) performed *The Magic Flute*. I became convinced of it, although I couldn't prove it. When I (visited Vienna) in 1980, I went to the opera to see *The Magic Flute*. And there in the program it reads that that (was in fact) the [Emanuel] Schikaneder theater [Theater auf der Wieden] where Mozart performed his *Magic Flute* for the first time. Fantastic. Fantastic.

In a way, these things just happened. I didn't seek them out. I wasn't (urged to

learn). But they just happened. I studied violin. I studied piano. (But I was "too busy" to) practice and gave up when I heard a (really) good violinist play and thought I never could do it that well. Bronislaw Huberman (was a favorite in Vienna, but was little) known in the United States, or not well (noted). He was one of the foremost virtuosos of the time.

That building, (called the Freihaus), was (located) just outside of the ramparts, which were torn down in the middle of the nineteenth century, (which) became the park-like Rigstrasse. And directly from (this) house, one street [and] three parks away, was the opera, (Fischer von Erlach's Karlskirche, the Sezession's art center, and three museums). Directly on the right side just across the street from the house was the Technical University [Technische Hochschule in Wien] (where I later studied). I was simply situated in the midst of it. Again, I paid no attention to it, but there it was. Fantastic baroque palaces—and Gothic cathedrals, which impressed me less than the baroque. There I grew up.

When I was about ten years old---(it was) the custom of kids at that time to go Saturday afternoon to the theater. For years I went every Saturday afternoon to the theater, either to the Burgtheater, which was the foremost German-language theater at that time of the world, or the Deutsches Volkstheater, which was a more modern theater where they played not only the classics. I was fascinated. Naturally, I wanted to become an actor.

I went (regularly) to the museums. When I was nearing my graduation from high school I became (aware of and interested in) contemporary art, not only the classical (renaissance and baroque) art. And again, I just stumbled into [Ivan] Mestrovic, (Oskar Kokoschka, Egon Schiele, Gustav Klimt, and artists like that).

MK: Now I was wondering, what role did your parents have in developing your interest in the arts?

AP: They created me. But the question I would have to answer in a cautious, negative sense. They were here. They loved me. They cared for me. But by that time, I was way better educated than they were, (largely) because of that stay in the sanatorium. I spoke High German, where everybody else spoke a (Viennese) dialect. I knew how to speak dialect, too, but I simply (grew) accustomed to (the more educated language).

Let me a little bit jump now [to the time] when—I think it was when I was seventeen or eighteen years old—the daughter of a friend of my parents phoned me and asked that I should go with her to the opera.

Oh no, let me tell the one thing before. I was nine years old. I was in the elementary school, and they were teaching (us) at that time about the old Germans—(with their) horns and helmets and spears and (swords). We had a very good teacher [who] made it very much alive. And he pointed out that—he said, "If your parents can afford to do that, they ought to take you to the Volksoper." Vienna had two opera houses. One was the Court Theater, which was later on

called the Staatsoper. The Volksoper was privately owned. [It] played opera with not-as-famous singers, but they played [Richard Wagner's] *The Ring of the Nibelungen*. And this is what the teacher wanted me to see. And my father took me there, in answer to your question. Whether he liked it, I don't know. He made no comments. And I was only fascinated with the gear, you know, the swords and the spears.

I come back, now, to that girl. She wanted me to accompany her to the (Staatsoper, where) they played a modern opera called *Johnny speilt auf—Johnny Plays Up*—by Ernst Krenek, which was a jazz opera and featured a Negro player. (This) caused our right-wing students—and we had plenty of those—to throw stink bombs and to protest. (This is what) that girl wanted to see. She wasn't interested in the opera, I guess, but she just wanted to (see what she had) read in the newspaper. And we went to be lined (for) standing room (tickets). There were people around me, or us, and they were humming and crooning and singing. And what they sang sounded (strangely) familiar (to me). So finally I had courage enough and (asked), "What are you singing?"

And they said, "This is *Rheingold*," or *Siegfried*, or *Gotterdammerung*, or whatever [part of *The Ring*] it was.

As a kid as I was [when I first saw *The Ring* with my father], I did not pay any attention to (the music). But that was so deeply (implanted) in me that I could never forget it. I became a Wagnerian. A week later they played *The Ring*, and I went to all four performances. And I was hooked.

Now I need to interject. I don't know whether you know that—and that has not much to do with me—but Vienna. . . . Wagner was in Vienna, conducted in Vienna. At that time, Brahms lived also in Vienna. And there was a music critic [Eduard Hanslik] who (favored) Brahms and (wrote violently) against Wagner. Vienna—and not only the music lovers, but Vienna as a whole—was, almost fifty years after the event [i.e., Hanslik's favoritism], split into Wagnerians and Brahmsians. They still are. I still am.

Well, I was hooked, not only on Wagner but on opera (and on music). I found out that these young men and women (who were lined up for tickets) were members of the clique. (When) I met the chief of the clique, he offered me a half-ticket if I come to (help) applaud, which I did. And there I discovered, (in time, a helpful) gift. These people were very quarrelsome, standing there for hours. So (I succeeded to pacify) and to reconcile (them), which made me (in time) the assistant chief of the clique.

I was that from the year before my last (year) in high school (in 1928) until 1932, when I started to study (architecture) and I couldn't go anymore. (But) I had the opportunity to travel to Budapest, to Paris twice, (to Salzburg) to arrange for the applause for Vienna singers (and other artists) there. I heard the *Rosenkavalier* [by Richard Strauss] twelve times, in sequence, at the Theatre Pigalle in Paris.

I went, also, to Paris to accompany the chief to arrange for the right moment of applause for a Brazilian pianist who played in Vienna and afterwards in Budapest and in Paris, where we also had to go. I spoke, I thought, (some) French (which my chief did not). I had seven years in school, and I had three years of private French. Yet when I came the first time to Paris, I stayed in a very small hotel (on the Boulevard Malesherbes), very nice. And directly across was a dairy, and I went there in order to have breakfast—milk and bread with something—and I spoke French. The woman who served me answered me in the broadest Viennese dialect. When I participated in the reception for the pianist—her name was Magda Tagliaferro—she came to me and said, “Mr. Preis, why don’t you learn how to speak French?” So you have an idea about my gifts, as far as languages are concerned.

JR: Could I ask you about the—what exactly did you do as an applause prompter?

AP: Well, primarily there are two aspects. [The first is] to applaud at the right moment, because people are hesitant (about when to start). Some people become impatient and applaud too early. And the second one is to somehow weigh the emphasis of enthusiasm. It works, you know, it actually does. There were two claue groups. Mine was on the ground floor in the (Staatsoper), and the other one was in the fourth gallery. The one on the fourth gallery threw flowers. We did not. (We applauded and shouted enthusiastically.)

They put on some marvelous performance[s] there. Toscanini conducted. Beniamino Gigli sang. The Vienna Opera was very famous. At that time, [it] lived on the fame which was generated by Gustav Mahler when he was the conductor and the director of the Vienna Opera. Now, Gustav Mahler died in 1911. Several of the singers he raised were still there. But at that time, Austria was impoverished and couldn’t really afford a first-class opera house, and it was rather lame in many cases.

Would it be possible to have another coffee? Or water or something? I’m completely dry.

MK: Yeah, why don’t we stop for a moment.

(Taping stops, then resumes.)

AP: The chief of the claue talked to me and said one of the singers, who by the way sang the *Wozzeck* (by Alban Berg)—I don’t know whether you are familiar with that. (Many feel that) that’s the best contemporary opera. He complained that he doesn’t get any roles to sing, that there are (constantly) new singers coming here, and there’s something fishy about the whole thing. And he would be willing to pay for us to find what the causes are. It was the chief (who) was supposed to write that. I was supposed to go as interviewer—something like what you are doing. I had the opportunity to meet Felix [von] Weingartner, Bruno Walter, all the famous conductors, many of the famous singers, and talk with them and find out about where they were, when, and so forth. We tried to find out a (potential relationship)

of the director of the (Staatsoper), the superintendent of the (state) theaters, and the manager of the opera. We (finally) found that these three people were working together (once) in Breslau.

(But) we were wrong in our conclusion. What really happened is the Nazis were infiltrating the opera secretly (a long time before they invaded Austria). Nobody knew that in Austria yet, that Austria (had) sold itself already out to the Nazis and to Mussolini (to gain safety from annexation). And they arranged (to create a cultural concordat with the Nazis to begin their underground networks). The Nazis organized such guilds, cliques, and groups (for all art forms). So the opera had that particular one. (But what they actually did in this case was the infiltration of loyal Nazis into Austria's art world.) We didn't know it. We didn't guess it. We didn't see that connection. None of us had any (political) experience in that field before.

On one of my last trips to Paris, I went back (via Salzburg). And I had to be in Salzburg for a festival. That was in 1930. I was there a day or two before opening. I bought a pullover—a handmade pullover—which wasn't finished yet. And I had to meet the son of the woman who knitted the pullovers at a particular corner—it was a very hot day—and I met him. And I got the pullover. I paid him. His name was Ernstl Maurer. And I said, "For heaven's sake, don't you have a swimming pool—a bath here?" I (used to swim) every day.

He said, "Yeah, sure."

"Where is it?"

"Oh, I'll go with you. I want to go swimming, too." So we went to the swimming bath there.

I was nineteen and a half years old. And (the twelve-year-old) Ernstl Maurer said, "Look over there at that girl. Why don't you go to her? She's looking at you."

I was too timid. (He kept on prodding and teasing me.) So finally I said, "Oh, heck yes, I'll go." So I went there. I had a briefcase with me. I threw it at her feet and said, "May I sit down? He made me come to see you." Fortunately, that girl had a good sense of humor and laughed. We became befriended. She is now my wife. That was in 1930. We married in 1938. I had no idea that I would marry her or anything (like that). I liked her. She was very pretty and very (athletic looking). She found that I was funny. I thought that she was very (nice and friendly). And so we agreed that when we come to Vienna, either one of us will phone the other. We exchanged phone numbers. I didn't dare to phone her, so she phoned me. It was the beginning.

And in Austria at that time, there was no way to marry into a middle-class or (into an academic) family without having a job, having a degree, and being a (professional or) academician.

I (actually) wanted to become an actor. I was already going to acting school. But



then, without having any intention to get married—but the idea that I one day could want to marry started to arise. I said, “What am I going to do if I have no talent as an actor? There are thousands of actors in Vienna. I have to do something else, but I can’t [live] without the theater.”

So I investigated how I could become a stage designer—no, a director. And they said, “You don’t become a director—you don’t study to become a director, you become one, or you are one,” or something like that.

So I said, “Okay. I will become the stage designer.” Now there I had choices. There was a school of applied art, and there was the Academy of Art, and there was a conservatory for theater arts. I investigated that, but (this field was too specialized). We (had ten or so) theaters. How many theater designers do they need? There must be ten thousand.

So I finally decided to become an architect (thinking that as an architect I could be a stage designer). I had no idea about architecture. I loved architecture, but I had no idea about design or the work (or how) to become an architect. And here, again, I had these three choices, the same I mentioned earlier. And I chose, then again, the safest one, not (one which depended on any obvious talent, of which I was not certain). So I matriculated in the school of architectural engineering of the Vienna Technische Hochschule, something like MIT [Massachusetts Institute of Technology].

At that time, my father had thrown me out of the house. I had a fight with him, or he with me, (about a trip he didn’t want me to undertake). And so I rented a room and was broke. He paid for my first rent, and that was it. Fortunately, I was a good student, so I was able to matriculate and pay only half the tuition. The other half was waived simply on the basis of my (grades in high school). It ended up that they paid me, (in addition, a stipend). They’re very generous, and I’m very grateful for that. I couldn’t have done it otherwise. So, at that time, I became better acquainted with that girl, with (her) family. I studied.

I had a friend who was in the same (class and) boat I was. Neither of us (had a personal attachment to or confidence in) architecture. And we (said to each other), “Look, I don’t know—I don’t even know what talent (in architecture looks like).” So we comforted each other that there must be an intellectual approach to architecture. We were less afraid of that—less mysterious. I had the opportunity to become an engineer, if I simply (could not find my way) as an architect. I don’t know what happened to him. He probably perished under the Nazis, you know.

Well, I started architecture. In time, I became fascinated. I became not only interested but interesting to some of my colleagues. So I made friends, and we exchanged ideas, and [they] encouraged (me). They were very encouraging (and helpful). It was very, very nice. By the way, they all were killed during the war.

I didn’t say that yet, but let me go back. I emphasized that I (grew up) in Catholicism. My father, however, was Jewish. Under the Nazi’s law I would have

been considered half Jewish or Jewish, which (in effect) is the same thing. I was in danger. My future wife also was in danger, although she was Catholic. She came as a refugee from the Russian Revolution and had to leave, as a child at that time, without a passport. So she had no citizenship, and she was vulnerable therefore. The Nazis announced that they will put into concentration camp gypsies and loafers. And we were afraid that something would happen to her. We knew the Nazis would come. We still never talked about marriage or of intentions like that.

It was March the 11th, a Friday. She and I were walking in a narrow, smelly street to her (parents') apartment. They lived in a nice district. The windows were open. It was hot, although this was only March. We heard the radios blare. And we passed one window, and a man—he was absolutely hysteric. He yelled, "[Kurt von] Schuschnigg resigned. That bastard is out," or something like that. That was the first time that we knew that the Nazis would come in. I believe that I got green in my face at that time. We walked to her house—my future mother-in-law confirmed that I was green in my face—and we were rather quiet and silent. This girl persuaded and convinced her parents that she ought to marry me—that she will marry me regardless of what they will do. And that was a Friday. We got married on Monday.

In order to marry in a Catholic church, you had to have the so-called banns announced on three successive Sundays. There was no time for that. She volunteered to walk to the cardinal's office and to get a waiver. At that time, the streets were clogged with black-painted panzer tanks, and over the roofs, airplanes—the underside painted black—were droning back and forth and back and forth. Simply a psychologic invasion. The troops weren't here yet. The troops came on the 12th, which was a Sunday—Saturday, I'm sorry. She went on that Saturday, then, weaving her way, all alone (to the archbishop's offices next to St. Stephen's Cathedral in the center of Vienna). She didn't want me to go with her. She didn't know what would happen to me. And she went there (and) obtained the waiver.

On Monday, the 14th of March, we got married in a church. Her parents were there [and] mine. Her brother was there. Nobody else. The church was empty. That was the day that Hitler (was to enter Vienna, coming from Linz), the first time after many, many years of absence. All the people were on the streets, day and night, for three or four days some of them. My future brother-in-law—am I too detailed?

MK: No, this is fine.

AP: (He) walked so much that he (wore through the soles of his shoes). He wore them through. Oh, what a crazy time that was.

I still didn't have my state's examination. I was supposed to graduate and have the examination a year before, but the Nazi students made so much trouble that the universities had to be closed. And they opened only after Hitler came. So I made my state's examination after Hitler came, which was an experience as such. Every

professor had to demonstrate how loyal a Nazi he was, so they came [into the school] that way [AP salutes in an exaggerated manner]. There was one young assistant professor who came in and did this [AP salutes less enthusiastically]. He was my friend—he was not yet, but he became. He became, by the way, the (dean of architecture) and, later on, president of the technical high school.

A very difficult examination. A very bureaucratic and very authoritarian (exam)—the whole study was that way. I had fifty-four subject matters in which I had to be prepared. They would tell me on the day of the examination which three (of them) they would choose, so I had to be prepared in all of them. They gave me, as a thesis, to design the interiors, furniture, (and gardens) of the German embassy in Ankara, which was a nice little trick, an irony. And I was so keyed up that I was actually good. It was so much work that I had to draw like this [i.e., very rapidly], in ink. That young professor came, and was leaning over me, and did something I will never forget. He said, "Preis, I didn't know you knew how to draw so well." That gave me a kick which (helped me to pass and which) I simply never forgot.

Then came the time, of course, that we (began our preparations) to leave. My wife and I, we were then married. But we always wanted to come to Hawai'i. We saw movies at that time, (a series) of South Seas (movies), and fell in love with the people and the trees and the atolls. We wanted to go to Hawai'i.

So I wrote, at that time, to about fifty architects, whose names and addresses I found in a book which I (used) while I was studying, and I remembered that it had names and addresses in it. Well that book was old, so most of (the architects listed in it) were dead or retired or something. But I got a few answers. A widow of an architect in Los Angeles answered, among others, and said she appreciated the photographs we sent and the synopsis, but her husband is dead. So she gave my application to a woman who used to work for him. Her name was Lutah Maria Riggs. I met her afterwards. I met her later on. She wrote, very nicely, and said she couldn't do anything. America is under the after-effect of a deep depression. She, herself, has only a couple of draftsmen. But there's a young fellow, who used to work with her, in Hawai'i who seems to be very busy. So she sent my papers to him.

I received a note, on orange paper, describing Hawai'i in glowing colors and offering me a salary of seventy-five dollars a month, which I multiplied by seven (Austrian) shillings. I said, "Wonderful, we can live with that." We wanted to go to Hawai'i.

JR: Can I stop you just for one second to turn the tape over?

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO



AP: Where was I?

JR: You're about to come to Hawai'i.

AP: Yes. Well, that wasn't so easy. We went to the American consulate office and found out that all kinds of conditions had to be met, among which is an affidavit of support which would assure that we wouldn't fall—become a burden to the government. So we had to have somebody who vouched for us. I had no relatives [in America]. She had no relatives [in America]. Her father was a doctor—a well-known doctor—and he had no staff. He just did everything himself. So my future wife and I handled his books. So we remembered that we sent a bill once to a couple of Americans from Detroit. And we thought, "Look that address up," and we wrote to them. Within four days we had an answer that they will be delighted to guarantee for us and that the papers will be forthcoming within two weeks.

What happened [was that] when they were (in Vienna), the wife. . . . He was the editor—no, the publisher—of a German newspaper in Detroit, and a wealthy man and well established. They traveled in Vienna. She had an attack of gallstones, and my future father-in-law was able to help her almost immediately. In the office they [i.e., the gallstones] passed, and she was relieved. In addition to that, she lost a diamond earring, and we brought it back to them to their hotel. Evidently, it was stuck in their mind.

We got our papers. But then we had to have a valid passport, which we had originally. But every time the Nazis reorganized the status of Austria, it meant that it had to be a different passport. So I think we had about five passports. The final passport was a Nazi passport. That means Austria was already incorporated and absorbed and annexed into Germany. And it was simply called Ostgau, the East District of Germany, or something like that. It took a whole winter to get (them). I had to be lined up I can't tell you how often, standing for hours on the iced sidewalk. And finally to get all of these things together, (all) at the same time.

Fortunately, my in-laws were well-to-do. I had no money. The Nazis did not permit to take any money out of Austria or Germany, except four German marks—no, ten German marks, which was four American dollars each. That's the money—all we had. Now we knew, of course, that we couldn't (travel on this). I don't know how we found out that the *Queen Mary*—an English ship, (and the fastest liner at the time)—that they (sold with the tickets) board money. That means (we) could pay with German money and get scrips. And (what we didn't spend on board), they will (refund) them then in (dollars).

We had a little money when we arrived in Paris. (But) my father-in-law had a friend—that was illegal what he did, but he wrote to him. He was a Swiss doctor. And he (deposited for us) some money (in) Paris. We arrived there late at night on a Saturday. The banks were closed on Sunday, so Monday, the first thing, we were (at the bank on the Champs-Elysees, and) on Tuesday we had to be on the *Queen Mary*. So we got that money and (travelled by train to Charbourg to board) the

*Queen Mary.*

Now I had never been on the ocean. My wife went once over the channel to England. And she said, "Look, you will get seasick. I will take care of you. I know what to do." The *Queen Mary* is like a five-story building. We were (still) standing on deck, and—in the harbor still—the *Queen Mary* did this, and this, and this [AP makes a rocking motion from side to side]. And she got sick. I did not get sick. I had to be with her. (The trip was rough and stormy, but) I found out that every time the ship (sways), if I drill my fist into her solar plexus, that it helps. I had to do that the whole night. I was completely well. I was hungry. I went into the dining room. I was one of about five or six people in the dining room and (tried to eat) the menu from one end to the other. She was ready to eat something on the last day. It was a terrible trip. It would have been the adventure of our life, which we didn't know was to come.

Again, her father—who was really her stepfather—had a patient in Vienna. And that patient had a sister in New York. And they corresponded and made an arrangement that they (would) receive us in New York and house us and feed us until we can go, and my father-in-law wouldn't charge her sister for her visits. So that was the arrangement.

We arrived on April the 6th, 1939, in New York, before Easter—we saw an Easter parade on the 5th Avenue—and left on the 28th of May. Now before we could do that, we had to find contacts. I still wanted to go to Hawai'i. We had a letter [from] the priest who married us to a Catholic refugee organization in New York, which we presented. We had to walk there. We didn't want to spend even a dime, you know. We were so anxious. We walked from 87th Street to 3rd Street. And there we—how do you call it now? It was, actually, a home where they were feeding people from the street. But there was a priest—his name was Father Ostermann—and he was very different from the Austrian clerics. He was a very worldly man, experienced, had a sense of humor. I suspect he was skeptical, but certainly he was frivolous. And he said, "What do you want?"

And we showed him our letter. "We would like to go to Hawai'i."

"Oh, you want to go to Hawai'i. Fine. How do you want to go?"

I said, "I don't know."

He said, "Well, you find out, and come back next Sunday. And you tell us what you found and how much it will cost. We'll see what we can do." Then he said, "Don't you need any money to live on?"

I hadn't thought about that. We were supposed to be fed anyhow. I said, "Yes."

"How much do you want?"

When we walked down, you know, we saw stores and saw prices for fruits and stuff

like that. So I said, "I would like one dollar a day for her and one dollar for me." So (without a smile, he gave us) fourteen dollars a week. I could have had seventy dollars, you know, if I would have asked for it.

We went down on Broadway, near the battery where the travel bureaus were, and found out that the only way to go to Hawai'i would be by railroad across the continent and then by President Line to Hawai'i, which I reported. It was enormously expensive, and I was—had no hope left.

Father Ostermann looked at it and said, "Let me try." He obtained a waiver of a particular prohibition that people could [not] travel from an American port to another American port on a freighter. Or was it the other way around? I don't know. Maybe Hawai'i was, to them, still a foreign port. He had to get that waiver.

So we actually were then booked as a passenger on a 9,000 ton ship (of the Pioneer Line), a freight boat called the *Sawoklah*. And we were supposed to go through the [Panama] Canal to Hawai'i. That was postponed twice, until finally that couple with whom we stayed took us to Hoboken [New Jersey] to the pier. We were standing on the sidewalk, just waiting and chatting. A man in a white jacket came down and said, "Captain Lee wants to greet you and wants to invite you and your friends for dinner." Impossible in Austria, you know. Things like that didn't exist.

So we went up with him, met the captain. That man introduced himself—I forget the name—but he was the captain's steward, and he was ordered to take charge of us. We were led into a (large) stateroom with three portholes on one side and two portholes on the other side. That's the size of it. There was a big round table, and there was a big platter of fruits on one and a big bowl of cookies on the other one. This was our reception. We had dinner there, and then finally, in setting sun, we left Manhattan and stood (on) the aft deck to be able to see the last high-rise skyscraper as we left New York.

When we came for the first time (to the officers' dining room for supper), the captain scolded us. He said, "Look, I cannot guarantee for your safety if you do that again. You cannot afford to be among the (crew) there. I don't know what would happen to you or your wife." So we stayed and had every meal with the officers and the captain.

Now I told you about my French, huh? I had five years of English in school, and I had, for a whole year, private lessons in order to prepare for America. My wife could speak quite well. She traveled to England. I've never been in England. My English was atrocious. My art of communication was nonexistent.

I didn't know how to behave. I got gently criticized. They served wienies, for instance, and I took the fork in my left hand, and the knife in my right hand, and gingerly cut the sausage and ate it. The captain was leaning to me and tried to—as gently as he could, took the wienie in his fingers and bit into it. He knew that I couldn't understand what he was saying, but he demonstrated to me that I should eat the wienie that way.

We went to Norfolk [Virginia] first, landed there, and some of the officers took us to go with them (to this navy town at night). Here I saw, for the first time, a naval town already geared up in preparation for the war. I bought myself a panama hat—it was a cheap hat, because I couldn't afford a better one—and naively I asked the officer, "Is it a good hat that I bought?" He looked at me. They all thought I was a barbarian.

We landed in a beautiful Georgian town. I can't remember the name now. A historic town.

MK: Savannah.

AP: Yes. A hundred ten degrees. We went—walked—until we came to a bus station. We went [on a bus] there and sat down. The bus didn't move. Finally, my wife—who spoke better English—went forward and said, "What's the matter?"

"You can't sit there. That's for Negroes. You've got to sit over there." Well, my rebellion rose, but I fortunately tamed it and we went.

I didn't—I forgot to tell [something else]. The evening before our departure, that couple took us to a German restaurant and (feted) us there with a Bavarian meal. There was a waiter who was terribly curious about how I—I was twenty-eight years old at that time—how could I leave Germany? How about the army? And so forth. Nothing but questions. I answered as politely as I could and as well as I could, but felt very uncomfortable. I felt that I was interrogated, not (conversed with). I'll come [back] to that later on, when we arrived in Hawai'i.

Then we left. We went, then, through the Caribbean and came to the canal. It's very exciting. We were standing on deck the entire time, sometimes so close to the trees that I could touch them. We saw orchids. We saw all kinds of vines. Again, tropical landscape I've never seen, only in the movies. That was fantastic. Came through the Gulf of Mexico, went up the Mexican coast. Had a heavy storm at that time. The *Sawoklah* was laden so heavy that there was only about a foot between the water and the rim of the ship, or so it seemed. Then we went to San Pedro.

We wired to Lutah Maria Riggs, the architect of Santa Barbara. She went to meet us at San Pedro at eleven at night. A queer-looking woman, I'll tell you. Her stockings were running down her feet. She had a cloche hat, which she had the mannerism to pull down over her face every few minutes. She asked, "What do you want to see?"

My wife said, "I want to see Hollywood," naturally.

She said, "You can't see anything. It's nighttime."

"I want to see Hollywood."

"Okay." So she drove us around, at nighttime, through the canyons and all over

(Los Angeles, and we) passed by Hollywood. We couldn't see a thing. So finally, in the early morning hours, she took us to her home, somewhere (in a canyon). Evidently, she had her office in Santa Barbara, but lived in L.A.

My first adventure then—there was a bush, and there was a tiny, little fruit. And I looked at it, smelled it, and said, "Lemon?" That was the (only) way I (knew how to) converse.

She said, "Mm mm [i.e., no], lime."

"Lime? Lemon." That went on for a while. That was my first lesson in English—in American. We had no limes. I didn't [know] what a lime was. We had lemons.

She brought us then, in the late morning hours, to the pier, and we said good-bye. And I thought I (may) never see her again.

We could see from the ship, several blocks away, a market. And we decided we still had time enough to go there and buy some fruits. And there I had the first time these huge cherries, which we didn't (know) in Vienna. We had very fine cherries (and apricots. They were) just marvelous.

It took, I think, nine days to (travel from San Pedro) to Honolulu. The elder partner of the firm which offered me the job waited for us (at Pier 17). But at three in the morning, the radioman [of the ship] came. They called him Sparks. They call every radioman Sparks. And again, "The captain suggested that you (should) come on deck. You may want to greet your future home." And there we stood on deck. It was June. The fragrance (of flowers) wafting (from land). Lines of lights (weaving) up and down, up and down. (I thought) I knew a great deal (about Honolulu). I knew more Hawaiian language, at that time, than I know now. I knew a great deal. I knew of Tantalus, of Diamond Head. But independent of that knowledge, what was imprinted in my mind were the atolls which we have seen (in the movies). They were all of Samoa, none of Hawai'i really. So I couldn't figure out how come [there were] these lights going up and down on an atoll. When the daylight came, it clarified the whole thing.

The partner of that firm [was] a man of Norwegian ancestry—a very nice man, older than I was—and he said. . . . [It was] about seven o'clock at that time, and we went into his car, and he took us to his home. And we had breakfast there. And his wife served papayas, and eggs, and toast, and stuff like that. An American breakfast—a Hawaiian breakfast, I should say. Again, different from how we ate in Austria. She warned us that we may not like the papaya, but she was wrong. We liked it immediately. And then Mr. [Barney] Dahl—that was his name—said, "Now we have to look for a home (for you). Where do you want to live?"

And I blurted out, "Do you think it's possible for us to live in Waikiki?" Again, that's the name I knew (best).

"Of course."



So he took us to Waikiki, but on the way then he went (first) to Kapi'olani Park. That was a Thursday, and on Thursday, the Kodak Hawai'i had a hula show. And he stopped to show us the hula show. We noticed that he didn't lock the car. We got frantic—the European in us. "Please lock the car." We had our hand luggage with us. In the hand luggage we had our passport, our money, everything.

So, "Okay, okay, okay. Nobody locks the car here." He locked the car. We saw the hula show. When we came back, we found that somebody broke in the car, rifled our luggage, left the money alone, stole the passports. That meant to us (immediately that) Nazis were here. We (guessed) that that waiter in that restaurant (in New York) called (somebody's) attention (to us). (They didn't take our money, but) they got away with the passports. It didn't hurt us, because when we arrived in New York, on the first day, actually the second day—we arrived late in the afternoon—we applied for our first papers. So we had these pink slips with our name, with our number, which sufficed as identification. And we had no trouble.

Honolulu, at that time, had one single FBI man. And he came to investigate. I never heard of him again. It was hopeless anyway. Well, that was my introduction.

The second introduction was that Mr. Dahl said, "Look"—his partner [Connie Conrad] was the designer in the firm, but he was on vacation. He was the fellow who wrote the note to me. But he said, "I need"—it was Thursday—"I need on Saturday a design for an apartment building, so we better start immediately."

So we went immediately to the office there. There he introduced me---there were three draftsmen of Japanese ancestry and one *Haole*. He introduced me to the *Haole*, not to the Japanese. And he told me—and I could more or less understand what he said—that Mr. Kaye—that was his name, he was of Polish extraction—"He will take care of you. He will help you." Well, he didn't. He did everything possible to make me scared and not to take the job. He said I should take my lunch and have lunch with him at the—what's the name of the park at Aloha Tower?

MK: Sherman Park?

AP: (Irwin Park.) We had [lunch] there. There he said, "Preis, I have to tell you, that firm doesn't pay. They have no money. You better get your wife to the pineapple cannery so that you have something to eat." Well—I was still so Austrian—it was impossible for me that my wife will have to work. I wanted to start designing. I had no experience really. The only experience I had was in furniture design. But I knew enough that I would have to ask for a building code or something. Mr. Kaye said, "We don't have a building code." This was a lie. Of course they had a building code. I didn't understand for a long time what he was after. He was the only *Haole* in that office. Both principals were *Haole*. So—that was before the war—he had a privileged position. He didn't want to have competition. I was hired as a designer. He was a draftsman.

So I had a very hard time. I was frantic. I couldn't do anything. I didn't know how to start or what to do. I became panicky. I thought they would fire me. They didn't. And finally, the (younger) partner (Connie Conrad) came—very easygoing, very friendly, very warm, enormously helpful. He said, "Look, Alfred, I need a grill for Aloha Motors. Can you design a grill?" I didn't know what a grill was. So he showed me something, and I made a grill.

Kaye quit soon. He simply didn't like to be with me. I was perfectly friendly. He was officially friendly. But he knew what (he) was after. I didn't yet understand. I did not design the apartment building for Saturday. I wasn't able to produce, really, anything for more than a month. And the fact that they didn't fire me was, again, something which could have never happened in Vienna. But they didn't say anything. They didn't worry. They just left me alone. I was with them from 1939, June—we arrived, by the way, on June 22, 1939, in Honolulu on Pier 17—(until the day Pearl Harbor was attacked and most architectural offices had to close shop).

Connie Conrad, by the way—I don't know whether you know the name.

MK: The jeweler.

AP: Yes. He was the second boss, (the designer of Dahl and Conrad. It was he) who brought me to Honolulu. He asked me to make (a layout for) a perspective rendering. They were (working on a very elegant) house on Diamond Head. The house was (already) under construction. They (were designing) a swimming pool, (and) I was supposed to do a slide and the dressing (room) for the pool. I played around with (it) and (did it) with satisfaction. (But I overdid the base drawing for the) perspective rendering. (I did it as) I learned in school (and constructed it geometrically, showing) every detail. He (looked at) it and laughed. He said, "You didn't have to do all of that. All I needed is the general direction and the rest I do freehand."

He was a fantastic renderer. I've never, even since then, found a renderer better than he was. (Connie Conrad) had no license. He studied architecture, came to Honolulu as a young (man), got a job at the Honolulu Marble and Granite Company, which did gravestones, and he designed gravestones. That's how he started—slept on the beach—and here he was now (one of) the (two) principals (of a very big architectural firm).

Mr. Dahl was (the senior partner. He) came to Honolulu as the supervising architect for the YWCA [Young Women's Christian Association] (building designed) by a (famous) woman architect from Los Angeles, Julia Morgan. She's dead (now), but still (very) famous. (After the YWCA project) Mr. Dahl became (an architect) in the territorial office. Anything that had to do with planning he (worked on).

But basically, (it was) Conrad (who worked with me and helped me to become an American architect).

Oh, let me tell you (of) one (incident). A *Haole* couple came into the office. He (was in) the navy, she was what was called a navy wife—tall, blond, Nordic, probably somewhere from Minnesota. (Their) house (was) already designed and under construction, but they wanted a buffet. Now this is something I knew how to do and to do in a (novel) way. I mentioned (earlier) that the only practical experience I had was in furniture design. So from that moment on I designed furniture, which they [i.e., Dahl and Conrad] never did before.

The brother-in-law of Mr. Dahl had a furniture store (and workshop), so he built them. I designed (furniture) for three apartment buildings, complete. So that is (how I regained my) courage (and) self-confidence. I didn't get fired. I wasn't worried anymore to get fired.

I designed the buffet (for that couple). They liked it so much that they wanted me to do a double bed. And I made one (with a curved foot end) and padded (headboard). Fancy stuff. One day they came into the office. She was crying. She was alone. What should she do? Her husband was mad at her for I don't know what reason. He took a hatchet and cut the bed in two. She wanted to know whether it can be repaired. I mentioned that only because it was one (of) the very funny experience(s) I've had.

The other experience—which is also funny—was they had, as clients, madames of (two) houses of prostitution. They wanted me to go into one of them and meet the madame to design an apartment building (for her). I refused to go. I was (too) timid and embarrassed. Oh, they laughed.

There was another (madam) of another house (of prostitution). And here, she came (to the Dahl and Conrad office). She wanted a bed—I became kind of famous at that time—and I made a bed for her and did some (designs) for her afterwards. She was always very, very nice and very polite, where the other one was a vulgar person, yelling, shouting, cussing, swearing. (For this one I designed) a three-story apartment building at that time in Waikiki, with stores on the first floor with (large, zigzag plate glass) windows. I designed (the interior of a) fashion house for two women. I made curved walls and (circular recesses) and stuff like that in the manner of modern architecture in Vienna at that time.

JR: Maybe we should stop the tape right now.

END OF SIDE TWO

TAPE NO. 20-5-1-90; SIDE ONE

AP: The apartment building—that three-story apartment building—doesn't stand there anymore. But there's one building which I designed before, as a matter of fact, which still stands there. (It became) something of a curiosity. It's a building which has (a) curved corner (on) Union Street and Bishop Street, and it's clad with green



Carrara glass—and still has it, though it's a little bit dirty now. It was the first commercial building I did.

I was trained in the metric system. What I did not know, really, was (how to apply) the scale in the metric system and (adopt it to) the yard system. So this building became rather queer. All the windows were narrower than (customary). And, as I said, it still stands there. Younger architects many times commented on it, that it attracted their attention, just the way I was attracted by a building which was on the corner of Alapa'i [Street] and Beretania [Street]. It was a two-story building—it was an office for the bus company—and used granite (paving) stones, the stones which were used as ballast for the ships (sailing) to China and (became available when the tracks of the tramway were removed). It was a building I found which I loved—very modern (and very good). We had almost no modern buildings in Hawai'i at that time. I wanted to know who designed it, and I found out (that it was) [Vladimir] Ossipoff. I wanted to meet him.

There was a draftsman who worked in a real estate office nearby—by the way, I didn't say the office of Dahl and Conrad was in the Stangenwald Building on Merchant Street (on) the third floor, and that real estate office was also on Merchant Street. We became acquainted. He looked me up. (When) I mentioned that I was fascinated with that building by Ossipoff and that I would like to meet Ossipoff, he (offered to take me there and to introduce me).

Ossipoff lived, at that time, in Lanikai in a house he (had) designed. It was a very (small but attractive) house. Before he opened his (own) office—that was before he built that building—he (headed the home building department of) Lewers & Cooke. We became friends and are still very close friends. I admired him from the first moment on.

Claude Stiehl was another architect whose work I (liked). He is not here anymore. He was an excellent architect (although many of his buildings) were actually designed by Johnson and his friend Perkins. Both were draftsmen in the office, (and later they formed their own successful architectural firm).

Claude Stiehl, relatively (soon after we arrived), invited me and my wife for lunch. He had a house in Woodlawn, which he designed, and prepared a luncheon, which started out with grapefruits (with) serrated (edges), heated, and (with) a dash of honey. He wanted to know whether I was available, (although) he didn't say so (directly). But he wanted to know (whether I was) satisfied with my work.

I said, "I like it very much."

"Is nothing wrong over there?"

"Yes, there's [something] wrong over there. They don't pay regularly."

He looked at the fellow next to him in a knowing way. That was the practice in architecture. People got paid whenever they [i.e., the office itself] got paid.

(Pause)

At that time, Pearl Harbor was rebuilt. And a great number of people were there. And it was quite obvious that there would be a war, more to me than to other people here because I have seen (some of the war preparations of) the Nazis. We lived one whole year under the Nazis in Austria. We saw at that time (practice flights by) jet planes—which nobody [had] heard of—(and) that they experimented with something like radar(-controlled searchlights).

There were three young men who lived near (us).

Oh, by the way, I didn't say that when we moved into Waikiki, we moved (near) the corner of Kalākaua [Avenue] and Lewers [Street]. We had the first floor of a house—a studio apartment, very spacious (and comfortable). We walked out on Kalākaua Avenue—that's the first evening [in Hawai'i]. All the poinciana trees were in bloom. The trees were unusually low. They were closely planted so it was like a huge lei of red and pink and yellow and white. I couldn't resist. I reached up and broke a big cluster of blossoms, which I carried in my elbow to the place where (we) stayed. (We) had a kitchen counter there. I put it on the kitchen counter. Out of that (twig) crawled a centipede at least a foot long.

(Laughter)

AP: Now, I knew, out of my school learning, that centipedes exist and are poisonous. I got scared. I didn't know yet that the centipedes here in Hawai'i are (almost) as gentle as the Hawaiian people are. But it was a good lesson.

The other lesson (we) had of (the Hawaiian) animal kingdom. . . . We were invited by the parents of Connie Conrad for dinner. His father had a jewelry store, at that time, on Nu'uanu Avenue. We were alone with them—they had a fairly large room at that time—and we were sitting at the table. And I noticed something far away on the floor, and I stared (hypnotized). I didn't know what (it) was. It was a (large) cockroach. They saw (my staring, but) were nice enough not to be offended. They said, "You will get accustomed to them." We did.

There's a story, by the way, which (I recall because of that roach incident). I was four years old. We were walking in Vienna to visit my cousins who lived in a different district and fairly far away. It was just before Christmastime. The streets were full. The show windows were (crowded). I had my nose against the glass to see the toys. When I turned around I couldn't find my mother. I was alone in the 20th District. I didn't know where to go. Because it was already wartime, I had a child's uniform as a chief sergeant [with] a sabre [and] a hat. I had to live up, of course, to the uniform. I couldn't afford to cry. I went to the next person and asked, "I would like to see a policeman."

So that person was nice enough and took me to (a nearby) police station, where I was treated with chocolate and (other forbidden sweets. The policemen distracted me) by asking questions. (One of them) said, "Well, Officer, did you catch a

Russian?" The Austrian army fought the Russian one.

I said, "No, I didn't, but my mother did." In Vienna, the cockroaches (were) called Russians. And, of course, they laughed.

Coming back to Honolulu. At that time, I became (more) confident. The sheer fact that I came from (a different culture), a different training, (and) a different (architectural) practice—and my good fortune that Connie Conrad was (very interested in what I knew)—[helped]. Perhaps he thought that he could learn something from me. I learned a great deal from him (for sure).

I did (design) a great number of (buildings) and residences, predominantly for Chinese. Mr. Dahl cultivated clients (by belonging to a great variety of organizations). He was the job-getter—very good. (They had a great practice, and I had the opportunity to design) a great number of buildings.

I come back to when I said at that time there was obviously a preparation for a war. Mr. Dahl—who had stomach trouble, who was really not up anymore to the pressures of a private office—he had a friend in Pearl Harbor who offered him a very nice, comfortable job in (the fourteenth) naval district, in the architectural office.

At that time, I had already (my) architectural license. Connie could not have practiced architecture alone. But now with (my license), he could. So they offered me a partnership, which I didn't accept. I thought I wasn't ready for it. See, I was still so very European.

Another incident of being very European. There was a house under construction on Pi'ikoi [Street]—no, no, on Kīna'u [Street]—owned by a young Chinese couple. He came to Honolulu as an actor in a Chinese opera (company), but specialized in the stock market. And he became very successful. They had a house—I don't know whether you know how Chinese clients are. They are the most (alert and thorough) people you can imagine. They want to (understand) everything—why, and what will it do, what will happen. I was fascinated with them, (and) I learned a great deal (from them).

They had rooms with mahogany plywood ceiling and mahogany walls. And the problem was how to stain it (or) how to paint (them). And being the kind of clients they were, they were not satisfied with what Connie Conrad (alone had to) say. So Connie had the idea, "Well, that (architect) from Vienna, he. . . ." So I (went to see their home). And I remember that I proposed to paint the ceiling dark blue and to wipe-coat, with a wax in a natural finish, the mahogany (walls).

"Dark blue? Isn't that going to be too dark?"

And I said, "No, I don't think so. See, the light comes in this way [i.e., diagonally], it bounces from the floor, and it will be absorbed on the ceiling (and reflect from the walls and will reduce the brightness contrast." I had to come with light meters

and prove to them (that the light level did not suffer. Such were the opportunities Connie Conrad offered me to grow.)

In addition, that I come from a different (country and culture) became of interest to (progressive) people. (And with the help of Dahl and Conrad, I slowly became a progressive, contemporary architect.)

(The fact that) I grew up in Vienna (laid much of the groundwork for the direction my development took. For instance), [Sigmund] Freud still (lived) in Vienna. His later philosophic (ideas) came at the (last years of my high school education, when I met so many bright people at the opera). When they were brand-new (we) read them and discussed them and debated them. I became very much interested and fascinated by psychoanalysis. And at that time [i.e., as a young architect in Hawai'i], (when interviewing) clients, I found that it would be of great value for me to know (how people feel and think). And I tried to apply the interview technique of psychoanalysis, which (I had to refocus from any personal questions to how people wanted to function, to use things, and adapt themselves to a new and desired environment).

So I learned (to ask, "Do) you prefer to sleep on the left side of the bed or on the right side? When you come home, do you go first in the bathroom (to change), or do you go first in the kitchen to start your dinner?" Stuff like that. Every detail, I had to know. But I did not ask them anymore about their persons—about their feelings—only about their preferences.

And at the same time, I learned how to (evoke) alternate ideas (on how to live). I discovered then that a new house is really the beginning of a new life for people. That is the time (to think about their goals in life)—what they want to be, how they want to live—(and to change into what they wanted to become, from) how they are living now, how they want to change, how they want to grow. It became of enormous value to me.

When I came to Honolulu, Connie Conrad took me to a drugstore for lunch on Fort Street somewhere—corner of Fort and Hotel [Streets]. It's still there. What I remember now is the Japanese girls. They were so marvelously beautiful, exotic, had shirts or blouses on so brilliantly white—I've never seen anything like that—always smiling and giggling. Filipinas with their blouses---they really walked that way on the streets, people walked in kimonos out on the streets at that time.

I could not distinguish, in the beginning, between the Chinese, the Japanese, (and the) Koreans. But I learned, more by feeling than by knowledge, to distinguish (and to look more to their cultural backgrounds than to their faces). And that also became important (to) my practice (and to my future, unexpected second career as the founder and executive director of the State Foundation on Culture and the Arts). They wanted to (retain or regain their roots in) their culture. The pressure (on them) was so great (to become like) all the other Americans. And again, that became very important to me, because I became interested then in the cultural differentiation. (When I first arrived in Hawaii, I expected to find. . . .) How do you

call it if you mix the races?

JR: Melting pot.

AP: Melting pot. The word was melting pot. Bob Griffing at that time was director of the [Honolulu] Academy of Arts, and I used the word melting pot—we (formed an) early friendship at that time—and he taught me, “Look, don’t you know that melting pot is the worst thing there is? Because melting pot means that you give up some of your (basic character traits). What is (much more) important here is to help the people to be what they really are and let them contribute (their individual cultural assets and enrich the cultural palette of Hawai’i).”

The only thing, at that time, we had [in local architecture that reflected Asian cultures were] moon doors, shoji doors, and (other typical details). But (of) the real essence (of their cultures), we know (only little. We had to learn and still have to learn.)

MK: When you were handling Chinese clients, did they try to express their Chinese culture in the preferences they stated to you?

AP: Very interestingly, (no). I worked almost entirely (with) young professional people, who to a certain extent were *Haole*—and wanted to be, (perhaps) because that was important for their career. (They learned as young people in the schools to be and feel like Americans.) Every plan had to be discussed and approved by every member of the family, (especially with the older members).

I learned, for instance—(not one) of my Chinese clients (demanded directly, but because of the input of their elders)—that you couldn’t have a door here (line up with another door) on the other side [of the house] because your luck will (leave you, that kitchen stoves had to be on the north side of the kitchen, and so forth. These things were (rejected by the young people as) superstitions, I learned, (when raised. They were deeply anchored in them and had to be considered, but not talked about too much.) I paid attention to them, simply because I was different myself. They chose me (perhaps) because I was (in a similar, bicultural position). I wanted to become an American, but at the same time I knew (what I owed to my different rooting). So there was an affinity here. I (designed), before the war, at least twenty houses for them, most of ’em Hālawa Heights. There was (then) still a racial (separatism and awareness, if not real prejudice), apropos prejudice.

In Dahl (and Conrad’s) office, there were (then) three Japanese draftsmen. Kaye told me I shouldn’t talk to them.

“Why?”

“You can’t trust them. They’re false.”

Well, I didn’t know any better, so I didn’t talk to them. Soon, when I started to design and had to (work with) them, I not only learned to talk to them but to



appreciate, (respect), and love them. They were cooperative, helpful, knowledgeable, skilled. They were just marvelous. I had the good luck that two of them became my own draftsmen when I opened my own office. The third one was killed during the war.

The prejudice, at that time, was pervasive.

MK: You know, I've heard from other people that if you are Japanese at that time it was very difficult to break into the architectural profession, that the Japanese filled the draftsmen ranks but not the architectural ranks.

AP: I was there, now, two years or so in that office. They offered me a raise which (would have been) higher than the salary of the older of the three draftsmen, who had a degree in architectural engineering and had seven years of experience. They offered me a raise, none to them. I simply—I didn't like it.

MK: You know, I've heard that in those days, for a person of Japanese ancestry to pass the architectural exams was very, very difficult. And they said it was also that way in the legal profession. What's your opinion on that?

AP: I didn't know any lawyers at that time, but I knew only one Japanese architect, Kenji Onodera, at that time. I knew that he had not much difficulty, but I knew others (who) had. (But that may not have been the result of prejudice but their escalation within the plantations and their lack of civic experience.)

But let me now tell you a little bit of my experience. The man in charge of the licensing board for architects, surveyors, and engineers was William Furer—long dead. His son is an architect and is still (practicing). I went there to apply for (licensing).

As I mentioned (earlier, my) English (was poor). I had no idea about the technical language (of architecture and construction), so my wife—(whose English was better than mine)—translated the building code and the plumbing code (for me). I made vocabularies out of them—on one side the English word, and on the other side the German word—(and memorized them). This (was) the way I learned my architectural lingo.

I felt I was ready at that time—and encouraged by my firm—to (apply for) the license. I went to see Mr. Furer. He was in what was then the Hawai'i Trust Company Building. It was a small office. He was alone—no secretary.

What I did not (mention yet was that) Dahl and Conrad (left) the AIA [American Institute of Architects] because they called themselves Dahl and Conrad, Architects, (although) Connie Conrad had no license. (Therefore, they) could not (call themselves) "Architects." They could have called themselves Dahl and Conrad, Architect and Designer, or something like that, but they didn't (wish to). So they were unethical.

Mr. Furer wanted to know what my background was, to find out which of the tests I have to take and which he could accept from Vienna. I was sitting while he was looking at my certificates. And I was turning around, and I saw a book on the shelf. And I couldn't help shouting out, "Heaven's sake, you have a Salinger"—the name of the author, who was my professor in reinforced concrete. A brilliant, famous man who coined the beautiful phrase that there are only two people in the world to know anything about concrete, and the other one is in America. He was worth it. He was good. Furer loved and admired that man—that's why he had the book there—and here, suddenly, he (held in his hand) certificate with the signature of Salinger. He (enjoyed that) like a child.

(Laughter)

AP: He was so enthusiastic (that) he waived all of my examinations, with the exception of building code—which (was necessary), of course—and architectural ethics. And I knew, of course, what that meant. And he asked me to write a paper, "Why it Pays to be Ethical." Well, I wrote (why) I thought it paid to be ethical. I felt that way. I never considered Conrad unethical—or them. So that was my examination.

By the way, I got informed of my membership in the AIA—for which I applied after I got the license—while I was interned in Sand Island [during World War II] and which gave me much joy—not the internment, but the fact I was accepted in the AIA.

Let's come now to the internment.

MK: Would you---is it okay to continue today or would you like to stop and continue another day?

AP: I'm at your disposal.

MK: Is it---do you feel all right?

AP: Of course.

MK: Okay, okay.

AP: Is that all right?

JR: Sure.

MK: Sure.

AP: You might want to go for lunch or something.

MK: No, no, we. . . .

AP: Jana is my wife's name. (We) went Christmas shopping and went Downtown to

Thayer's Music Shop. And I found there the Fifth Symphony by Bruckner. I loved Bruckner. Dead eighty years or so, but he was still too modern for Vienna. So I bought that. We had a console radio/record player, a Philco. Marvelous for us—cheap but (good).

The next day was Sunday morning. I put the record on. I had to persuade my wife to let me open (this) Christmas present, but I couldn't wait. We listened to the Fifth Bruckner—which I still have, that album—and we heard shooting and felt the impact of bombs or shots. And I turned to my wife and said, "That's a very realistic maneuver today."

At ten-thirty we turned the record player off and turned it to radio. KGU every Sunday at ten-thirty had a symphony concert, which we turned on. There was no symphony. There was a man who said, "This is not a maneuver. This is the real McCoy." We couldn't believe it. We were all prepared for it, but we couldn't believe it.

There were two people living on the second floor, and we had the studio on the first floor. So we went up to them and said, "Did you hear that?" They too—both of them were green in the face. They were public health officers. And they were just called to Pearl Harbor. They were all excited and all nervous and all upset.

(When) they came back in the afternoon, they (had) aged twenty years, each of them. They had to, with bulldozers, shovel the corpses, (and) with rakes and shovels to pick up arms and limbs. They (helped) prepare a (temporary) burial place at (the entrance to) Hālawā (Valley)—a big hole. The corpses were thrown in—and parts of corpses—and they put some chalk on it and then earth.

I had some courses in Vienna in civil defense. It was fairly new here. Nobody (had) worried about that. Sometime before—it happened to be (that) Ossipoff was president of the [AIA] chapter at that time—I said, "Maybe I could be of help. I learned how to design bomb shelters. There will be a war, and maybe you ought to do (something about) it." He picked up (the suggestion) and arranged that if the war would break out, we would meet in the office of the (doyen of Hawai'i's architectural corps, whom) we called Pop Dickey—Charles Dickey, at that time the biggest architect in town—and there we would decide what to do. I was assigned to a group of three, four architects—I don't remember, really, who they were—to blackout the YWCA. And this is what (we) did.

The evening before—that means the evening of the day of the morning attack—we left our studio apartment in Waikiki, put a sign there [indicating] where we were going to be, that we will be with friends on Pacific Heights. (There were) instructions that all people living near the ocean had to evacuate (inland and uphill), either to predetermined centers or to friends. Well, we happened to have friends. By the way, these friends were of German ancestry but (long-term) American citizen. He was maître d' of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. (Mr. Dahl, when preparing for our arrival in Honolulu), did the marvelous thing, asking them to help us to become acclimatized (and become citizens). So we became very close



friends. And they took us in and other people (in their Pacific Heights home).

Both my wife and I were fairly sure that we would be interrogated or something (like that). We (would have) felt (very insecure if we would have been accepted) as refugees without (being) questioned.

About seven o'clock in the evening on the day after—no, the evening (following) the attack—two men in civil[ian dress] came and said, "We have to ask you to come with us. We have to ask some questions. You will be back very soon."

But it was seven o'clock in the evening. Somehow my upbringing under the Nazis made me skeptical. I said, "Do you mind if we take some toothbrushes along?"

"Well, you don't need them, but okay, if you want to." We were the only people with toothbrushes.

We drove very, very slowly at that time (through the) darkened streets. The headlights were blue—later on red—(painted) with a tiny slit (for) the light (to shine through). And so the cars were creeping. I recognized—it was dark already, it was December—that we (were driving) to the immigration station.

(When) we got out (of the car, we entered a large), dark room. We could (not) see anything. (Then we stood at) a counter or a desk, and both of us were asked to empty our pockets. And my wife was moved to one side [of the room], I was moved to the other side. That was it. I felt something cold and sharp in my back. It was a bayonet on a rifle, [by] which I was guided-or pushed-towards a steel stairway of steps, which I went up. The bayonet disappeared. I was alone, in front of a steel door. I waited. I waited. I thought something will happen, (but nothing happened). So finally I opened the door. I looked in—full of cigarette smoke and the smell of fish and a glow of cigarette [AP points] here, and here, and here.

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

AP: When I opened the door, you know, I stood at the door and waited until somebody will instruct me where to go. I was [obedient], "Yes, sir." And I asked, "Isn't anybody going to show me a place?" They burst out laughing. When I [had] entered there, it was absolutely quiet and nobody said a word. But when I spoke—and some of them knew me and recognized my accent—they roared laughter. Mario Valdastrì, a plastering contractor (and cast stone specialist) with whom I worked quite (often), recognized me. There were other people who knew me. And that broke the ice.

On the bunks were Japanese fishermen. They were just taken out of the boats the way they were—full of stink and smell, you know—but they were the first, so they

had the bunks. The people were sitting around the walls. There was no more place for me, no light, so I asked where I could find to sit down.

"Oh, I don't know. Try."

So I found a little slit of space under the lowest bunk, on the floor. And I could at least hide my face, so they wouldn't step (on it).

If there was anything which terrified me [it] was to have to go into a strange toilet and touch it. And there was no light. The only way I could find the toilet was by touching. I was practically sick.

Next to our room were the women (and our) wives. There was one woman who cried, who was completely hysteric. She and her husband were also picked up the way we were, assuring that we would be [returned] there in a few minutes. She had a baby. They urged her to leave the baby, alone, which she did. But that was already near midnight. She didn't know what happened to the baby. She was simply out of control. She cried the whole night. We were separated by a metal wall, and on top there was a grill, so we could hear everything. The wall was so high we couldn't look [over]. The next morning a Viennese doctor who happened not to be interned was able to arrange for her liberation. She was permitted to go home. And I learned, later on, that the baby was all right, fortunately.

(The baby's father) was a born American, not a naturalized (citizen). He was a born American. She was a born American. And they were interned. Why? Slowly we found out that there was a certain pattern, that anybody who was, quote, in the old country during the last year and a half was drawn in. He was a jazz musician and traveled in Germany, but an American citizen, and they still picked him up.

We were for not (quite) two weeks, maybe a little bit more than a week, at the immigration station. We had to be lined up to get breakfast down in the court. The immigration station was to me a very beautiful building at that time, fairly new. It was designed by Dickey and—I forgot the real designer's name [Herbert Cohen]. It may come to me. We (went) down to (the) court. We got an aluminum can, and we got some cold scrambled eggs, some cold prunes on top of it, some cereal on top of it, and a spoon that we were supposed to eat with. We ate. We were hungry.

From the first night on when I came to Honolulu, (I) discovered I was susceptible to sinus headaches. (Sleeping) on the (concrete) floor [of the immigration station], I (got) a vicious headache. I asked a man in uniform—in (an) army uniform—where I could get an aspirin. He mumbled something and again with his bayonet pushed me into a direction, opened the door—we were in the toilet—and said, "Clean it."

"Clean it?" I never in my life cleaned a toilet. "With what?"

"Don't you have any hands?"

They didn't even give a paper towel. Us—I was alone. I thought I better (not cause)

him to use his bayonet.

I had no idea how people (in a situation like this could) be. I knew how Nazis would be. I had a different expectation of America. But the people were (angry, edgy, and) almost hysteric. You're probably (not) old enough (to remember).

MK: No, not quite.

AP: (An) attack on Pearl Harbor was considered impossible. There was no power in the world who could manage to (reach Hawai'i) undetected from anywhere. And here we were attacked. The only explanation was that there (must have been) treason. So everybody was suspect. And people were trigger happy. All through the nights we heard shots. Wherever there was noise, you know, (people) were shooting in the direction of the noise.

I didn't get an aspirin. I stayed with my headache. And we were there for just a few days. And then we were moved to the harbor and put into a motorboat and crossed the harbor to Sand Island. And there, again, I was separated from my wife. I didn't see her since we arrived at the immigration station. We came to Sand Island. We (were) lined up and walked in line. We came to a one-story building which used to be a part of the quarantine station for immigrants. (The) man in charge, a major (who was originally) a customs officer, was (evidently) overanxious (and) strict. He (made us strip off) our (wedding) rings, which made me break down. Not even the Nazis took my wedding ring. I was very nervous. I was worried about my wife. I made such a scene there that he returned all of our rings to all of us. With that man we had other (troubles).

We were moved to an open area. There was a bunch of rolled up tents, and they said, "Erect them." So we built tents.

Somebody came and said, "Take the tents off and move them over there." They did that three (or four) times, (perhaps just) to be kept busy. We finally had tents, no floor, (just) cots (without) mattresses. They were not prepared for Pearl Harbor, the attack.

I was extremely fortunate that in my tent was not only Herbert Walther—the friend, you know, who took care of us—but Konrad Liebrecht, who was the first violinist of the symphony; (Ernst) Orenstein, a Viennese banker who was a music lover; and (educated) people like that. No light. No reading matter. No writing matter. We started to become acquainted. We decided, on the first evening, that we've got to do something. So I proposed that we would form University of Sand Island, in which each of us who had anything particular to (offer) would act as (discussion leader). And that is what kept us not only (busy but learning new skills).

There was a Viennese. He was an occultist. He wrote---he worked on a book on the history of the occult sciences. An enormously erudite man (with a) fantastic (background). I learned from him that he (had to leave) Vienna because he, a stage

designer, designed Schnitzler's *La Ronde*. It simply---I don't know whether you know Schnitzler at all. He was a marvelous writer who specialized on the behavior of the late aristocracy in Vienna, their abuses and relationships (with) Viennese girls---(whom they called sweet, little girls)--- and to each other. So he had a whole series of (subject matters). *La Ronde* was a play---we have seen it in Hawai'i as a French movie later on---and it simply showed one young officer who moved from girl to girl, (from) woman to woman, and each of them had a particular (angle). Well, that was too much for Vienna at that time. Vienna was very Catholic and very (pious) and very reactionary. He designed it---did a good job, evidently. It was before my time. I haven't seen it (then) in Vienna. I saw it later.

He (lectured) about the Bible---assuming that all or most of us would know the Bible---and related it to ancient history, that means the history of the ancient religions out of which the Bible really was created. And he was able to [demonstrate]---we had no idea, I didn't have an idea, maybe the others did---that Christianity, Judaism, (as well as) the Koran, that they were all based on (the) many pagan religions and customs which were directly or indirectly (adopted). I was spellbound. He had a fantastic vocabulary, very articulate, a wonderful speaking voice, so we were fascinated. I remember that I asked, naively, "Mr. Tauber"---Harry Tauber was his name---"how come that you speak such a marvelous English?"

He said (simply), "I read (only) good books."

There was Ernst (Orenstein). He was a banker in Vienna, but he was an (expert) musician. He played piano, belonged to every avant-garde (music) club in Vienna---(Arnold) Schoenberg, (Alban) Berg, and so forth. He knew all nine symphonies of Bruckner by heart and hummed them, analyzed them, showed us how Bruckner developed (musical themes and ideas), all in a dark tent.

There was a (short, vivacious man)---I don't remember his name. He was a surveyor who spoke with a North German accent. He was an (accomplished) amateur astronomer. At that time, I began playing something of a leadership role, (to) which I'll come back (later). I went to (the) major and asked for permission to be able to be longer out of the tent at nighttime to (watch and study) the stars, which was granted. And it was (beautiful). To see the sky at a blacked out city, where the stars are doubly and triply as bright as they ever have been, was really a sight. Well, this is the way that we spent our time.

But let me come back. That same (major---ever) anxious and nervous and so afraid that we would be rebellious (internees). In our group was a wrestler, a professional wrestler, also the owner of a massage parlor. So he was (assumed to be strong enough to control us). He [i.e., the major] asked him to become our camp captain. The major (also) had the idea to keep us busy, that we are men, (that) we ought to exercise. So the wrestler ought to know how to exercise. He asked him to conduct physical education classes.

(It so happened that) I paid for my college tuition (partly by) conducting gymnastic

(and physical education) classes with my future wife. She was my assistant. When I met her in Salzburg—I think I mentioned that before—we saw each other several times. She was (a gymnast), and I was (a gymnast and acrobat), that means gymnastics (without bars and rings). We had lots of fun doing that.

So I stood there and waited until that (hunk of a man) will start the class. He looked [lost] there. He (seemingly) didn't know (how to start. We became bored and restive. So) I started to exercise. And the others behind me, next to me, followed me. Fortunately, (the wrestler) was bright enough that he did the same thing. So I exercised, and he (followed my motions). As a (participant), he was (still) our group leader. But in time, (it became known that it was I who led the exercises). So instead of he being the strong (man), I (became) the strong guy now (and the fellow) in charge. So I (became) the contact man (with the major).

On a Sunday morning. . . . Meanwhile, our wives, or the women, got a wooden house built on the other end (of the space) and outside of the fence where (our tents) were. The house was constructed by a sculptor with whom we were (earlier) befriended—(Roy) King was his name—who didn't know what to do when he saw me. Here I was, a prisoner of war, a traitor, or something like that. He was patriotic. He didn't know whether he should (even) greet me. He didn't.

Soon after that, every Sunday morning the married men were invited to share breakfast with the women in their house, so this is what we did. One Sunday we were lined up to go there, but didn't go there. The major came and accused us that somebody of us (has) stole some knives and forks, and that's dangerous because we (could) make weapons out of them and (escape). We had to undress—stood completely naked. There was a young lieutenant of the national guard who (served under) him. He was in charge of that (search). They couldn't find anything. So the major finally reached up to the gutter of the mess hall and pulled the knife—or knives—(and forks) out. He said, "Here, you couldn't find even that," embarrassing his men in front of us. He was hiding them simply to demonstrate a case.

We were guarded by people from the national guard, local people. Some of them we were befriended with (from before). They were tired, and they didn't have any sleep, (so) they begged us to (let them) sleep in our tent and that we would watch them so they wouldn't get caught, which we did.

There's another incident—a Hawaiian boy, roly-poly, always laughing and sleeping, tired. He was leaning against a coconut tree and had the rifle leaning on his shoulder and the tree—and was asleep—when somehow the gun went off. And fronds came down and (some) coconuts. He, of course, jumped up all scared. Nothing happened. Nobody caught it. Things like that happened all the time.

In the beginning, we had only canned food. There was no meat, no vegetables, but pears and (pineapple) in cans. But we had every single chef of every hotel—they were all Germans—in the (kitchen). They concocted, out of canned things, (some interesting) meals. By that time, I was starving for vitamins. We had no vegetable, no fresh fruit, nothing. I ate leaves of bushes (and blossoms). When the first major



shipments came—that was before Christmas—of ships which could not land in the Philippines. They were on their way to supply the armed forces there—at that time the American army was in retreat—so we had certainly enormous amounts of food. We had turkey, of course, for Christmas. There was an old German who had KP with me—kitchen patrol—too. And here I had the opportunity to get a slice of bread and butter. I was so starved for butter that I virtually put butter on thicker than the bread was. That old German was so outraged at my waste that he berated me. Things like that happened all the time.

Finally we were asked to go back singly to the immigration station to be interrogated (by) a commission. And there the pattern at that time (became) fairly clear to me. They knew a lot about me because I came late (to) the United States. At that time, they were already alert, but before, everybody could come in, so they really knew nothing about them. Anybody could have been fifth column (or worse).

There were two camps side by side, separated by about (a) twenty-feet (wide maze) of barbed wire. We, the *Haoles*, were about fifty men. The Japanese camp had about 2,500—we thought 3,000, but I learned later on it was a little under 2,500. In the middle of (the space between) the Japanese camp (and ours) was a raised platform in which (our only) captive mini-submariner was kept. He was stripped (except for a loincloth). He was the one who, in the attack on Pearl Harbor, came with (his) mini-submarine and was caught in (the submarine) net. We were ordered not to look at (or talk with) him or we would be shot. Now, how can you (not look at the prisoner of war virtually exhibited on the) platform? (Regardless of which) direction we wanted (to look), we couldn't miss him. (Nobody was shot.)

I got backache. My cot sank deeper and deeper (into the rain-soaked) mud until my mattressless (cot) was touching the (wet mud). I was really sleeping in the water. We had no doctor (in our camp), but there were several very well-known doctors in Japanese camp. I was permitted to go to the Japanese camp.

The difference between the Japanese camp and ours was striking. Every tent—they had tents, as we did—(was adorned with tiny) pebbles, shells, and coral (splinters). They picked (them) up, and they made patterns like stone gardens out of it—neat, beautiful, clean, (with an innate genius) compared to us. We (at most) picked up cigarette butts (which our men just) threw away.

Well, Dr. Mori was (the) doctor who saw me. He couldn't do anything (for me because) he had no medication. But we (had a long talk and) became friends, and we were friends afterwards.

We saw that (from our) fifty people—Germans, Norwegians, Italians, (Austrians, and) Hungarians, all people (whose countries) were invaded and occupied by the Nazis and therefore (suspect)—small groups were leaving the camp. Among them, Konrad Liebrecht and (Ernst) Orenstein (were released. The others, we later learned, were shipped to the Mainland. My wife and I) and two others were left over. (But eventually we were released on parole on March 28, 1942. Connie) Conrad arranged that the owner of a quarry would vouch for (us)—I designed his

house on Hālawā Heights—and so we were released. I had to report to him. He gave me a job.

We, at that time, lost, of course, our studio and had seemingly lost everything we had (except for) the few things Mr. Dahl could salvage for us. So for a few days we stayed in the house of Mr. Dahl and Mrs. Dahl and their little son. Then we found an apartment on Thurston Avenue, which was composed of two duplexes, each of them architect-designed, with the first floor [having] two bedrooms and a bathroom, the second floor [having] a kitchen, a living room, lānai, and a dining nook. Each wall was decorated with hand-painted silk paintings in which the pigment was hand ground. I don't know whether—you probably don't know the name Alf Hurum, a Norwegian, who used to be conductor of the (Honolulu) Symphony two conductor-generations before we came. [Hurum organized the Honolulu Symphony in 1924 and conducted it during its first season.] And he was (also a painter). And he owned these houses. We were lucky to find that. We were childless (until 1949, when our son Jan-Peter was born). There were these two buildings, from one side [to] the other, 100 feet, 200 feet (apart. Between them was a large open space with) fourteen mango trees—*piries* and *haden*—and we were the only ones who liked (them). We had a marvelous time (there). And we stayed there until 1947, well after the war. (By the way, he and Mrs. Hurum were also members of our Sand Island society, until they, together with those interned but not released, were deported to some Mainland camp.)

JR: This would be a good time to stop, I think, and then maybe we can pick it up . . .

AP: Yes.

JR: . . . at another session.

AP: Yeah.

END OF INTERVIEW

Tape No. 20-6-2-90, 20-7-2-90 and 20-8-2-90

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with

Alfred Preis (AP)

July 23, 1990

Honolulu, O'ahu

BY: Joe Rossi (JR)

JR: This is the continuation of an interview with Alfred Preis, conducted July 23, 1990, on the University of Hawai'i campus. The interviewer is Joe Rossi.

Mr. Preis, you wanted to speak for a minute about art in Austria and sort of augment some of the things you had told us previously.

AP: I would like to speak on that and on education, also. But I mentioned to you that I worked on the claue. I had the experience to (serve on the) claue for the very first European—or at least central European—visit of [Vladimir] Horowitz, of Gregor Piatagorsky, and Nathan Milstein. All three came from Russia. All three came in shabby blue suits and played fantastically. In the little concert hall—they had no confidence to fill it, but after we were through with it, the next concert was in the big concert hall.

I have seen a great number of dancers. I was very much interested in modern dance, even then. We didn't have very many. Most of them came from Germany. Harald Kreutzberg, Mary Wigman—an English name, but she was German—and Ida Rubinstein from Paris. And I saw her dance in the opera house the *Boléro* by Ravel, conducted by Ravel and with an American orchestra. And I heard Toscanini in Vienna, in the opera house, also the *Boléro*, and the—what's *The [Sorcerer's] Apprentice* by Paul Dukas? Just a fantastic concert, for which I paid, by the way.

I mentioned some of the early modern exhibitions. And I mentioned that, but I didn't mention any names which impressed me and really directed me to that direction. One was Oskar Kokoschka, who is, even now, world famous, although he died recently [1980]. And the other one—was almost at the same time—was [Ivan] Mestrovic, of which we have a nice sculpture here in Honolulu (at) St. Andrew's [Cathedral] in front of the cathedral.

Actually, in my youth, after 1918 (Austria) was totally impoverished. And not too much was going on. You asked [prior to the interview] about financing. I know that Austria spent, always, a great deal on the arts. How much, I didn't know. It didn't interest me at that time. But of interest may be that the government organized the



arts under what we would call the Ministry of Culture, what they called *Ministerium of Kultus*, and included religion.

JR: That's interesting.

AP: So they had a major activity in religion. The predominant religion was Catholic in Austria, and in very close connection with the pope, whoever the pope was.

The education system. . . . They had three different careers for youngsters. One started with a kindergarten and went up to what we would call the twelfth grade. They divided it—the elementary was six grades and then they had four grades, or five years, of high school. In order to be advanced from one level to the other, you had to pass a very rigid examination. That alone made learning a terror. We were always afraid that we would fail. The high schools were divided into a *Gymnasium*, into a *Realschule*—a real school—and a *Realgymnasium*. These were the official main-track middle schools. We (called middle schools what we here) call high school. In addition to that, they had—also official, but they were not as closely linked—they had a school for business administration. They did not have (on that level) an art school.

(The *Gymnasiums* were devoted to the humanities, with seven or eight years of Latin and three years of Greek. *Realschules* stressed mathematics, geometry, and the sciences and were outstanding as preparation for technical professions. They taught seven years of French and three years of English. The *Realgymnasiums* offered preparation for both a technical or a humanistic specialization and taught Latin and French.)

They had, also, another career for youngsters, those who would not (wish to) go to colleges (or may have failed to qualify. All education, except in private schools or the universities, was free.) And that was what was called *Bürgerschule*—or citizen school—which had the objective, pretty much like ours, to educate kids to citizenship. And that had eight years. And when your eight years [were completed]—people were fourteen years old—they usually went then into an apprenticeship. In order to go into any of the crafts or any of the handiworks, you had to go to (specialized schools). To become a carpenter or a mason (it was mandatory). (This was) the pattern at (my) time, but that was changing after the First World War. So that a (youngster) fourteen years old, if he or she—well, not she—did not go to a school, [he] was sent into an apprenticeship, and usually away from home. And the pattern was that the (child) was living then with the master and (had to do) all kinds of housework having nothing to do with the (crafts). But they became first-rate craftsmen, in time.

JR: Do you remember whether or not children had a choice as to whether—what field they were going to go into? If you were going to apprentice for someone, could you choose the area that . . .

AP: You could go anywhere you wanted to or where you could find a job. My father, for instance, when he was fourteen he went into the restaurant business. So he

started as a busboy and worked himself up to maitre d'. During the war, he was maître d' in an officer's club in Ljubljana—it was (in) Austria at that time, now it is (in) Yugoslavia. And he came back with an enormous amount of experience. He met lots of people. He spoke languages.

I didn't tell you how I met my father. You see, it was in the war. He was in the army. And I have no memory—I have never seen him. We were still living (in Strebersdorf) in that village near Vienna—(now incorporated into Vienna)—when somebody knocked at the door. And a soldier was standing outside with a big army rifle and with a huge knapsack here [i.e., at his side]. I turned around and called to my mother, "Mother, there's a soldier here." It was my father, and I didn't know it. He also (carried) a live rooster in his hand. That was the only booty that he brought from the war, a live rooster, which lived indoors with us, in our house, and was fed everything we ate and became a giant. (He) was so cocky and so belligerent that the people complained about him because he killed all the other roosters, that we had to execute him. So my father tied him onto a cherry tree, which was in the backyard, and took his army pistol and shot him. He didn't have the heart to cut his throat. We did not eat him either. I will never forget.

JR: While you're talking about Austria now for the moment, how were artists regarded? You've mentioned many very well-known artists. For a young person to say they wanted to be an artist, how would a family react to that kind of. . . .

AP: There again, I can only tell you that most youngsters went into schools. (They were either) specialized art schools (on the high school level or on the university level. Visual arts, music, and literature were taught in the high schools. There was a specialized school of applied arts) under the leadership of Josef Hoffman, who founded the Vienna Workshop and was a world-famous architect. And they went to a series of schools like this. Artists were respected. They were respected as if they would be nobility. But of course, even here, artists didn't become known until they became known, and then they were famous. They were honored. An architect, for instance, was considered an artist and was a member—in addition to professional organizations—of, usually, major art organizations, in which he was identified and closely worked together with (other visual) artists. So there was a series of famous architects who worked with artists and sponsored artists, collaborated with them, as equals. Here, we don't even dare to consider ourselves as artists. Most of us aren't. Most of us are businessmen.

JR: What do you consider yourself?

AP: I wanted to be an artist. And I was not a businessman. Therefore, I didn't make any money, (I won honor awards instead).

There's still a *puka* somewhere. I'm sorry. I'm getting old, you know. My mind doesn't function.

JR: Well, we can perhaps get to it later. Maybe we should go forward in time, and we were talking about what [happened] as you were being released from internment. I

believe you wanted to talk about someone by the name of Jim Turner.

AP: Yeah. Did I talk about the internment?

JR: Yes. And you mentioned a quarry that you were going to be working at.

AP: Yeah, yeah.

JR: But that's where we left it.

AP: I worked (in the stone quarry of) Chester Clarke. It was in Hālawā Valley (and produced crushed rock and cement and asphaltic concrete). When I was released among a small group—I mentioned (it earlier), my wife and I and four or five other people—we had to be released into parole, that means we had to have a (respected) citizen who was (willing to sponsor us and vouch for us). Well, Chester Clarke became my sponsor. It was arranged by Connie Conrad, who was probably too close to me and not (wealthy). Chester Clarke had money (and) he had prestige. He said, "(I want you to) be my efficiency engineer."

I said, "What? What's that?"

So he (explained. "We are in) a war. We may be bombed. I may have to replace my machinery. I would like to have a complete record of all machinery, all equipment, and all (of their) parts." So I had to make (drawings of them, up to every screw and bolt). In the luncheon pause, I learned how to operate the bulldozer, voluntarily, just for fun.

When I worked for (Chester) Clarke [in] Hālawā, after I was through with doing the inventory for the machinery and after I learned how to drive a bulldozer, Mr. Clarke asked me to design five buildings for managerial staff. He (had) found out that the War Production Board permits new construction for miners—that is people working in mines—and he (learned) that the quarry qualifies as a mine, so he is permitted to build houses. He asked me to design them.

I said, "Yes, but how do we get the material?"

He said, "Let me worry."

He had a man working for him as a troubleshooter. His name was Abel. He knew a lot. I, of course, knew building material houses from before, (when) I worked for Dahl and Conrad. I found out that (although most building materials were frozen for the war efforts), luxurious materials (were) available because they can't use (them) for the war. I could get fourteen-inch first-rate (boards) of redwood. I could get plate glass. I could get glass blocks, (good hardware, and light fixtures). I could get anything I wanted. What I couldn't get is dunnage—that means cheap lumber. That (was needed by) the government. So (with this) first-rate material (available), I told Chester that, "Why (not let me) design postwar buildings (which) you can use after the war. They will last that long. (They) can house five people in each of

them." That was what he was shooting for. There was room for twenty-five people. I did that.

The foreman of a contractor with whom I did a great—with whom I knew and worked (well), I had his phone number still, from my previous work. I tried. Yes, I found him. "What are you doing?"

"I'm driving trucks." (Being) Japanese, he couldn't (find) work for the army.

I said, "How would you [like to] work for us?" (And I described the project.) So he became our contractor, a man who (had) worked with me before.

So I designed these five buildings with a kitchen in the center and the various dining room, living room around it in such a way that the people could (cook and) eat in the kitchen and would have five separate sleeping facilities. I had, for each house, a plate glass window which was (slanting) forward. The kitchen was enclosed by glass blocks. The whole house was (very elegant). I never did a house out of such fancy materials. We never had enough budget here. But [in this case] budget was of no importance. The material was cheap. Prices were frozen to prewar level. (They) still exist, these houses.

I met a young man there [Joseph Mottl] who was a chemist and did (material) testing for the army. He was American of Czech origin. And we had much in common. Both of us were liberal and loved jazz, (which) was our bond. He asked whether he can bring his wife [Iwalani] and introduce her to us, which was, to me, a (surprising and) shocking experience. When I opened the door, here they were standing—he blond and she Black. I had no idea that I would respond as I did. I (considered myself) mentally and totally free of race prejudice, but here I gasped. I still can't forgive (myself). We became close friends. He's dead (now). He died in an accident. He built his own house, climbed on it at nighttime, you know, and was sitting on a beam, contemplating, I suppose—maybe he had something to drink, I don't know—fell and died. She is still alive. And she is living on Maui now. She was a social worker. A brilliant girl, daughter of a Republican—Black Republican—legislator in Hawai'i [Nolle Smith].

I think it was the first week after we came to Honolulu that we got a phone call from an artist, John M. Kelly—the name still exists, but that's his son now—and invited (Jana), my wife, and me for lunch on Sunday. We (had just arrived in Honolulu) on a Thursday, and we had our lunch there (on Sunday). They had a house on Black Point, beautifully located, not (too) fancy. She an exquisite sculptress—some (of her) work (is) exhibited at the [Honolulu] Academy of Art—and he (an exquisite) printmaker—originally an artist for the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, but (later) became a free-lance artist and made (their) living off his (etchings), which they sold to visitors. Therefore, the phone call.

We met their son. He was seventeen years old, also John M.—Melville—Kelly. He is an (excellent swimmer, diver, and surfer and served during the war as a diver, dismantling unexploded ammunition under water). He wanted to become a

musician. He studied piano, was an excellent pianist. We became friends. He was seventeen, I was twenty-eight.

One day, he said, "I would like to show you something, and I would like to have your opinion." And he took us to a rehearsal of the symphony. And there, over there, was sitting a cellist, a woman cellist, a very beautiful girl. And he said, "Fred,"—he called me in my familiar address, not Alfred—"this is the girl I would like to marry. How do you feel about her? Do you think I should?" (Both Jana and I approved. She was very nice and a very wonderful cellist and a well-educated girl, just out of high school, I believe. Her name is Marion. You may run across her name. She is an archeologist (at) the Bishop Museum.

They (married and) went, the same fall, to New York. He, to study piano at (Julliard School of Music). But they advised him against becoming a pianist. (Because of his swimming) his fingers were so wide, they were almost like a duck, you know. And (his) fingers, they were simply too big (to fit between the piano keys and) for him to become a first-rate (piano virtuoso. So, he studied under Robert Shaw to become) a choral conductor and became very good.

At that time, I was designing the First [United] Methodist Church. And I recommended him to the minister—he was looking for a choir conductor and musicologist—and they hired him. It was all fine, no trouble. I recommended him, also, to George Barati, who was at that time the music director of the symphony. And he founded there, with George's collaboration, the Honolulu Symphony choral group [i.e., Honolulu Community Chorus]. And he was very successful (there, too).

They had two daughters, both wonderful swimmers and both wonderful cellists. And he became, ultimately, an advisor to the ILWU [International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union] in literary matters. She joined the Bishop Museum and became very successful there. She may have retired now. I don't know. We were close friends. When I became very busy with the State Foundation [on Culture and the Arts], I lost all (contact with my previous friends). I couldn't cultivate them.

John Kelly introduced me to a young man. His name was Norvel Welsh (and) lived in a secluded cabin somewhere in the Mānoa Valley, in the forest reserve. And he (owned) a twenty-feet long row of record albums (of classical music, for) which I (admired and envied him). He educated himself by reading (and memorizing) the *Encyclopedia (Britannica)* from one end to the other. A very brilliant (young man). Through him, I met Jim—or James—Sinclair Turner (and his wife). He was the son of the president of Turner Construction Company, one of the (biggest American) contractors who did (much of the expansion of) Pearl Harbor and (much of) the work in the Pacific Ocean (area). And he was the (crown) prince. We started to talk and found out that he was (an enthusiastic admirer of Richard) Wagner. So was I, and compared to him, I was (almost) an expert. I had heard the *Ring* I don't know how many times—and *Meistersinger* and *Parsifal*—and knew relatively much about (his work and his life). So we became very close friends. Every Sunday afternoon, (he held musical gatherings. He invited to them) about thirty people,



many of them (from the staff at) the construction company, who (perhaps just) felt obligated to come (and partake in the ample food and beer), I guess. And he played (records and) musical games. He put records on and we had to guess what it was.

One day he said that he would like to have a house (and wanted me to design it). I should look and find a lot. And he said, "If you can find a lot which is big enough for two houses, I would like that you have the other house then. I would like to live next to you."

Well, I belonged at that time to all kinds of little clubs and met there a Mr. [Albert] Van Valkenburg, who was the manager of the real estate division of the O'ahu Railway and Land Company, a [B.F.] Dillingham organization. And I talked to him. And he said, "Sure, I have land. You can come and have it in Kalihi—beautiful—or in Woodlawn."

I said, "What would you recommend?"

He said, "Woodlawn."

"Why?"

"Because you are driving from Woodlawn in the morning with the sun in your back, and you drive from town to Woodlawn [in the afternoon] with the sun in the back. If you come from Kalihi, you have them in your eyes." Well, that was an argument.

We went up to see the lot in an evening—Jim, his wife, Heathie, my wife, and I—and were standing there on Paty Drive looking up (at the crest of the mountains). The moon was (full), the clouds were whiffing there. It (instantly reminded us of Wagner's) *Die Walkure*. We were instantly in love with the land, so we decided to build there.

I had no money, really. He said, "That doesn't matter. You design my house, and instead of a fee, I pay for (your) lot."

So I was co-owner. I started to sketch. And he ordered a bulldozer from his company to come, to begin grading the lot. The bulldozer came to our lot on a Saturday, December the 6th, 1941, if you know what that means. The bulldozer was standing there for eight months (after the attack on Pearl Harbor). And we lost all the topsoil, because it was standing there until after the war.

Meanwhile, he felt guilty that (as the boss' son) he had such a comfortable life, when all the others had to serve in the armed forces. Although he had, at that time, two children (and was exempted from the draft), he volunteered for the marine corps. His education background qualified him (for officer's training). So he went to the Mainland and came back alone (to Honolulu)—left the wife and the children in Boston (in greater security) where they lived.

And he stayed with us—he thought (for) a few weeks or whatever. We (had) two bedrooms—one we occupied, and the other one we rented out until we needed it when we had a child—and he slept in the lanai. He was with us for almost a year, had all the meals with us, had his jeep to drive back to Pearl Harbor, came back complaining (that he had nothing to do there.) Here he went [into the military] in order to (do his patriotic duty and help his country. Instead) all he had to do was build surfboards with his crew for the (brass). Until one day he said, "I have to tell you I'm going to leave. I cannot tell you where I'm going. I cannot tell you when. But I'm going to leave in the next (few) days."

Now at that time Honolulu had about two million service people from time to time. And when they were here, the sailors, for instance, made the streets (look) white (in their uniforms). And whenever the streets were white, we knew, aha, something is going (to happen. In this case it was the preparation for) the invasion of Okinawa, (as we soon learned). And he (was one who) went to Okinawa, was there in the invasion, did his share. That was where the kamikaze started to fight (with) suicide planes. He came back soon after the end of the war with a heavy touch of shell shock. The experience was—he was a strong person, you know. I called him a prince. I meant that only as a status, not as far as personality is concerned. He was a very strong—and still is—person.

I felt I ought to mention him, because through him I got my house. He decided not to move back to Hawai'i. He sold the entire property to me for the same price he paid—thirty cents a square foot for the first 5,000 square feet, three cents a square foot for everything else. A (gift, really). And I had the pick of the site. And I designed my house (on the highest spot of the lot with a panoramic view), in order to be able to begin construction in 1946, (as soon as construction was permitted following the war). I had very much work at that time, and I squeezed it in. And to me now, that house is (my) major (joy and) experience. You asked me whether I look upon myself as an artist. I never dared. (Living in my house, now that I am retired, I begin to feel that I was.)

I started out in Hawai'i working for Dahl and Conrad doing little houses—(in time) some fairly original (ones), others (were) under-designed in order to meet the taste of (the time and) our clients. An example. I was supposed to design a shoe store on Nu'uuanu Avenue. I designed a shoe store before—not a shoe store, but a dress shop—for Waikiki, where I had curved walls and circular show windows and stuff like that, which became a great success. I made the shoe store much simpler. My boss rejected it. He said, "No Chinese is going to walk into a store like that. It's way too fancy." That's the way we were.

I developed a practice—now, wait, wait. Did I tell you about Hart Wood? When I worked for Chester Clarke, one day I got a phone call—I was called to the phone. "Mr. Hart Wood wants to speak to you."

Hart Wood was a very prominent architect, whom I knew very well from the AIA (and respected enormously). He designed the Alexander [&] Baldwin Building, he designed the Christian Science Church, he designed the Chinese Christian church

[i.e., First Chinese Church of Christ]. He did beautiful residences. He was an artist-architect. (I admired him very much.) And he phoned and asked whether I would be willing to work for him as a designer. He was, at that time, territorial architect. During the war, all the architect offices were closed. (With the approval of Chester Clarke), I said, "Of course."

The task there was (an unusual) one, to design an airport which was not intended to be built at all. The navy wanted some land which the territory owned and wanted to get it on lease for one dollar or something like that. And the territory said, "Okay, provided that you leave all the utilities there for the airport so we can build an airport ourselves." That was (our) task. We knew nothing about airport design. At that time, nobody really knew, yet. We had no idea that there will be jets, we had no idea that there would be 747s or anything else (of that size).

I was befriended with a man named Bill Mullahey—his son is still in town—and he was the manager, the Pacific area manager, for Pan American [World Airways]. (We became befriended because he wanted some ideas on how to make Hilo and the Big Island more) attractive for (future) tourists. Okay. He (was game). He also didn't know yet how airports would (look and function). But (from his professional) literature, he knew how big the airplanes would be, how tall they would be, that there would have to be a second level for the passengers (and a separate one for luggage and freight). So I designed the airport. We had it finished in about four months. Hart Wood was very generous. He was (still a very) young guy, (totally) unknown, really, at that time. (He gave me almost unlimited latitude in the design of the project. And when the drawings were completed) he took me to all community groups, and he introduced me as the designer of the airport and asked me to explain and to answer questions. So I gave about a dozen, or two or three dozen, talks all over (on this hypothetical airport terminal). The navy built (their own) airport (terminal), the John Rodgers Airport, which is on the *makai* side of the Honolulu [International] Airport now. There's still a building standing there. It was designed by [George] Wimberly, who worked for the navy at that time and was their chief (designer).

There I learned that each of the federal offices for manpower control, for housing control, for material control, had an architect working (in a high position). They were (unhappy with their routine work and) starved, you know, to talk (with other) architects (and talk about architecture), not just barracks and stuff like that. (So when I was released by Chester Clarke to work with) Hart Wood on that airport, I asked him whether he would be willing to recall and reopen the [AIA] chapter meetings, in order to have projects to discuss.

And he said, "Yes, if you do the work." And I was delighted, of course.

We met at the court of the YWCA. And we decided that our task is essentially to prepare ourselves for after the war. The war will be over one day. We don't know when, but we hoped that we will be alive, we hoped that we will be working, we hoped there will be work to do. "What do we want to do? How do (we) want to have Honolulu to look like? So what are we to do first?"

(Our) first decision was to do a war memorial. At that time, we were very (patriotic), you know. The war was very important to all of us. We all—or some of us—went through Pearl Harbor. That was a shattering experience. I touched upon it the last time, when we listened to Bruckner.

JR: Could I just stop you for one second, and I'll turn over the tape.

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

JR: Before we get too far into the forties and fifties, I wanted to maybe back up just for a second and ask you about some impressions of Hawai'i's arts when you first arrived. You mentioned, I think, John Kelly taking you to the symphony to see his future wife. And I just wanted to maybe find out what your impression, as someone who came from Europe, was of Honolulu's arts.

AP: The Honolulu Symphony at that time—during the war, before the war, and a little bit after the war—was conducted by Fritz Hart, H-A-R-T. His wife is still (alive). He was an Englishman. The orchestra was composed entirely of volunteers. They were unpaid and, of course, of very different qualities—a gift horse you can't really test musically. He had his rehearsals at the Central Intermediate School. This is where John Kelly took me to (see his future) wife.

That's when I met Fritz Hart, and I'm still embarrassed about what I did. I listened to what they played. And they played—I forgot what it was—and I congratulated him on how beautiful the orchestra is and how wonderful the horns were. And there I flattered him—and lied—and said, "At that particular spot, our Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra always blew it." And they did, from time to time. But the fact that I said that, I still live with, with difficulties. It was a less-than-mediocre orchestra.

The [Honolulu] Academy of Arts was entirely operated by and for the Big Five [i.e., the five corporations that controlled the sugar industry in Hawai'i]. No Oriental, ever. They had a wonderful Oriental department, because our (well-to-do) people here collected Japanese and Chinese art and gave generously to the academy. I forget the---Edgar Schenck was the director at that time. We became befriended. I was attracted to the arts, so I was attracted to the people who did something. There were some exhibitions. And I remember there was an exhibition of a returnee soldier—he was army, not navy, army—and he brought some watercolor sketches, which I liked very much. That was my first purchase.

JR: First purchase ever?

AP: In Honolulu, yes.

(There were two outstanding painters in Hawai'i—Madge Tennent and Isami Doi. She painted heroic Hawaiian women, which influenced several artists—Pegge Hopper, Yvonne Cheng, and others. Isami Doi was then the only artist of Japanese origin who developed a contemporary, Western style that strongly emphasized his Japanese heritage. And he started, incidentally, I am sure, a followership of great importance, such as Tadashi Sato, Satoru Abe, Jerry Okimoto, Ben Norris, Shirley Russell, Louis Pohl, Joseph Feher, Daisy Kurashige, Harry Tsuchidana, Hon-Chew Hee, John Young, Tetsuo Ochikubo, and Minnie Fujita.)

A little bit later, there was an exhibition of some ceramics by a husband and wife team from Vienna. They were Americans by that time, or became Americans anyway. They were wonderful—paper-thin, beautiful texture, beautiful color, first-rate technique. And there---I had a little money at that time, so we bought six or eight pieces. We splurged. My son, at that time, was a year and a half old, so that was in the year 1945, '46—probably '46, because I think the war was over. He was a bad sleeper. In order to put him to bed I had to carry him. He liked, especially, to sit on my shoulders. We had the ceramics on the shelf and on top of the record player. And we walked by there, and with one swoop he threw all on the floor. They all broke. I guess I have certain prejudices against him.

I did not buy anything until '48, '49—somewhere thereabouts—when Willson Stamper became the art—the education director of the academy of arts. We were friends. And he invited me to become a teacher for design, which I did. I did a lousy job. I don't know. . . . And I bought paintings of Stamper—I thought he was first-rate—and I still own them.

I also bought a very conventional, traditional John Young—way different from what he's doing now. At that time, he did landscapes, very romantic and lush and very Hawaiian. I have a big painting.

I met Ruben Tam at that time through John Kelly. John Kelly was very much in the arts. And Ruben Tam was a friend of his and gave an aloha party. He went to the Mainland to study or something. One of the guests was [Isamu] Noguchi, so I met there Noguchi, and we chatted. And I have seen his work exhibited at the academy. I was very enthusiastic, and I was—at that time, I just let go, you know. If he was enthusiastic, I was. And Noguchi was very amused at that time. And we became friends, until, by the way, when I was with the state foundation much later. When we wanted to build a sculpture, or install a sculpture, at the East-West Center—the Burns Hall now—and we had \$100,000 budgeted for that, which was a lot of money for us. And I got an approval to invite Noguchi. I'm jumping in time, of course. That must have been 1970, or thereabouts—'72, perhaps, maybe later. I would have to check when that was built. It was under construction. I had to pick him up from the hotel. And in the car I told him about the site, that it's just across the street of Liberman, where we bought a sculpture by [Alexander] Liberman in from New York, which I saw at a visit to New York on the street. They had a group of them installed. And I felt it was just what we needed. My board agreed, and we bought it. Noguchi [disliked] Liberman. Noguchi, at that time, was already a very famous artist. He was American—half Japanese, half



*Haole*, had his left foot in Japan and his right foot on the big island, in New York. . . .

JR: Manhattan.

AP: No, no.

JR: Long Island.

AP: Long Island, yeah. He died only recently [1988], and he had (tape inaudible).

He got furious in the car and said, "All right. I am going to propose a mound of rock." He did that in Jerusalem before (which) became famous. "You will never see the Liberman." We met at the Jefferson Hall at that time. And we had only (a budget of) \$100,000. And I wanted to have a stone sculpture, something similar he showed at the East Wing Gallery in New York, at the opening, a marvelous piece of Japanese granite—raw, just a raw rock. He didn't want that. He wanted a mound there.

I pleaded with him and the committee that, "We have only \$100,000. All the sewer lines, all the electric lines underneath, all of that would have to be altered. In my opinion that will eat up all the \$100,000." He wasn't impressed. And his prestige and his charm made him totally outvote me. I just didn't have a chance. The decision was to build the rock (sculpture).

I said, "All right. We have to find out now how much it will cost to relocate the utilities." (At that time) I had to go to the hospital. I had (to have) an operation. When I came back, I got a report from the planning firm which did the estimate. The estimate for the relocation of the utilities was \$120,000. So Noguchi was in town again, I phoned him, I arranged for a meeting. I said, "We can't do that." And he saw it this time. "We got to do something else."

We were sitting there, negotiating or talking about what to do, just beginning, when—I forgot his name, who was the head at that time of the East-West Center, well—came in and said, "I'm sorry to interrupt you, but I just got a call from the governor's office. The governor canceled the \$100,000." It never happened before.

The federal government and the University [of Hawai'i] (negotiated at that time) the disposition of the buildings done (for) the East-West Center, in which the state committed itself to build what is the Burns Hall now and received the [Kennedy] Theatre building [in return]. So the theater building belongs to the university now, and the buildings [opposite it] belong to the East-West Center. They were arguing and fighting about the cost, and somebody—I (don't know) who it was—said, "But we're giving you a \$100,000 sculpture, too."

And (one of the) negotiators said, "Who gives a damn?"

Ariyoshi was governor at that time. He was offended and simply canceled the

appropriation. We have nothing there. One of the adventures.

JR: One of many.

AP: Yeah.

JR: Before we, again, get too far ahead, I wanted to go back . . .

AP: Please interrupt me any time, . . .

JR: Sure. Okay.

AP: . . . you know, if I do. . . .

JR: Okay. No, that's quite all right. I asked you about arts when you first arrived [before] the war, and you mentioned Western arts, almost exclusively—Western arts, symphony. . . . What about arts that were, say, indigenous to Hawai'i—Hawaiian arts—or arts of immigrant cultural groups?

AP: (You are right, of course. But you see that in mid-'39, when we arrived in Hawai'i, Honolulu was a charming plantation town, not too different from those in the deep South. With the exception of a few well-to-do Chinese and Hawaiian families, society consisted entirely of Caucasians—*Haoles* involved directly with or socially and economically dependent on the plantation owners and their managerial factors, the so-called Big Five.)

(The indigenous or the immigrated ethnic groups, to the extent that they have outgrown the plantations, lived a voluntary segregated life. Their traditional arts, crafts, and cultures were almost entirely inward directed, except that the budding tourism industry employed Hawaiian and Filipino dancers and musicians, usually bawdy in the image of Hollywood movies.)

(Most Hawaiian dancers and musicians were commercialized, if not corrupted. The exceptions were the few *halaus*—led by such outstanding priest-artists like Iolani Luahine, Lokalia Montgomery, and later Hoakalei Kamau'u—and others that kept the Hawaiian language, poetry, and dances alive, supported by the Bishop Museum and grants, like Mary Pukui and Kaupena Wong.)

(The Pearl of the Orient Filipino dancers and musicians and other Philippine dance schools, especially in Kalihi and on Maui, perpetuated the Filipino arts. Halla Huhm, raised and trained in Korea, brought to Hawai'i her authentic Korean dances. Inspired by the various Buddhist and related temples, Japanese and Chinese dance and other arts have been—and still are—performed to perfection.)

(The University of Hawai'i in Mānoa and among the schools, especially McKinley High School, was responsible for the educating of most of our visual artists. Under the chairmanship of Ben Norris—still painting, but retired from teaching—the UH art department was raised to its current standards by attracting after the war

people like Claude Horan and eminent artists like Jean Charlot and Gustav Ecke. Horan especially created what should be called a Hawaiian school of ceramics. He, fundamentally, is still with us.)

(Two Chinese artists, Hon-Chew Hee and John Young—both still alive—stamped their names into Hawai'i's history books. So did the deceased, English-born Madge Tennent. Of equal if not greater importance is the work of the late Isami Doi.)

I met [Honolulu Symphony conductor George] Barati when he came to Honolulu, and he made his rounds through various clubs to give speeches, to become acquainted. He spoke with a heavy Hungarian accent. My mother was Hungarian, so I recognized it. And I introduced myself, and we became very close friends.

At that time, I asked one of my neighbors and clients, a university professor (and historical novelist)—Oswald "Ozzie" Bushnell—whether he would join me to become a director of the symphony, with the (obligation) to interest Orientals to join the symphony—that we would try to recruit them. There was only one Chinese man (on the board of the symphony). His name was Chu. He was the head of an automotive company.

Barati tried to (change) the orchestra from an amateur to a professional orchestra, which he had to do step by step. He was here for seventeen years [1950–1967], way too long for a conductor. He was so devoted to the symphony, he spent all of his time promoting it. He was an excellent cellist himself and a composer of (atonal) contemporary music, that means a kind of contemporary music most people don't enjoy.

In time, when more and more businessmen joined the symphony, they (objected to) the fact that he was raising funds instead of (the members of the board). The Ford Foundation—yes, it was the Ford Foundation—for the first time offered various orchestras in America a fairly large amount [the Honolulu Symphony Orchestra's 1966 grant totalled \$750,000] provided it would be matched with local money. The leadership at that time of the symphony decided that (this was the time to replace) Barati. They (felt that they could) never raise the money unless it's going to be done by (the business community). And that was the revolution of the symphony, when the symphony was taken over (largely) by bankers. (The conductor became) Robert LaMarchina (by coincidence also a cellist).

At that time, the (majority) of the orchestra was still unpaid. They had only two or three people who were paid and only part-salaries. That was the musical life we had. I liked it because it was the only (orchestra) we had. We had radio, but not yet public radio.

In addition to that, I discovered that the parks board—the Honolulu Board [of Parks and Recreation]—had a theater group for children, by children—or by adults for children. I think I ought to tell you that story, too. (It was led by) Nancy Corbett. She was the wife of a judge. She founded the [Honolulu] Theatre for Youth—which still exists—and persuaded the City and County [of

Honolulu]—yeah, they were called already the city and county—to absorb it into the parks department. And where the pavilion is now in the Ala Moana Park—a rectangular hall perpendicular to the (beach, surrounded by) pools in the (Indonesian) style, (designed by the architect Harry Bent, who did most designs for the parks board).

The AIA (had a meeting sometime early in 1948. Jim Morrison (who moved later to Kona) was president at that time. My wife (Jana) and I were sitting with Jim Morrison, and we were just talking. And I don't know who brought the subject up of arts balls in Vienna, that they were major artistic events—a little bit naughty, but primarily artistic. Well, Jim Morrison said, "Hey, that's an idea. Why don't we do one?"

I said, "Sounds all right."

"Why don't you do one?"

"I've never done that before." (But I was appointed to be) in charge of the very first postwar arts ball. They had arts balls before. I attended one. My decision, at that time, was to make it a major artistic event, (spiced) with a little bit (of) naughtiness.

(The late Bill Stamper, a very fine artist who came from Cincinnati and headed the education department of the Honolulu Academy of Arts, and I were close friends.) At that time we had new (artists) coming in. Rosell Davenport—she's now somewhere in France—was one of them. Her husband, Bill, taught English at the university and was (a writer and) art critic. And they had a party, and (we were) invited. (I started to tell) them about the possibility that we (would) have an arts ball. And I don't drink, but I behaved as if I would have. I started to spout. I was turned on. The ideas (for the ball) came right there (and then). "We ought to (name the) ball 'Dali in Bali.'" That's what we (would) call it. Surrealistic, naughty, and (Indonesian), because (it reflected the characteristics of) these beautiful pools.

"Fine."

I (spun) that out. We organized a group of (people involved in the various arts). And we sat on the lawn in Ala Moana Park and had our meetings every Monday afternoon.

I visited Bill Stamper. He lived in Lanikai. Both he and I were (quite) overweight, so we were in that lukewarm water—it was directly at the beach—swimming belly-up (like huge whales) and shouting at each other, one naughty idea after the other. The entire (ideas for the) ball (were inspired) there, right in the water.

We (determined), at that time, that we would use the existing pavilion simply as a main (anteroom), with beautiful, (constrained, very proper) drawings hanging (on the walls between the windows)—fourteen feet long and eight feet wide and stuff like that. (The late) Tom Litaker did (them) in charcoal and in crayon. A very

skilled artist. He was, at that time, an architect in Wimberly's office.

I (felt) that we ought to (focus on the Dali and surrealism, naughty but decent at the same time. Mario Valdastrì, Sr.), who was a sculptor and plastering contractor, (agreed) to build—without cost to us—a (huge) egg (cracked on one end). People would (enter) through the crack into the (beautiful night, but with a mind altered by what they have seen while walking through the egg). We called the egg "Ovum," naturally, (and its contents "Intrauterine Space." The path was a gently rising ramp.)

JR: A curving ramp.

AP: Yes. Well (it began straight, curved around a newel, and continued fairly) straight. There was (in) the floor a sheet of heavy, tempered plate glass. And underneath was a nude model—visible, but untouchable—and you walked over her.

Walking further up, on the left side, there (was a large sheet of) tracing paper hanging. And behind that tracing paper was, again, a nude model, moving. As she came close to the tracing paper, you could see the color (of her skin but not her form). When she went back (the vision) faded out of view.

As you came (up the ramp) to the curve, there was a hole in the wall. Projected onto that wall was a (black and white slide of a Cambodian temple)—very mysterious. There was a hole (in the image), and a woman's hand, in (a long) black glove, was sticking out and winking [i.e., beckoning].

The newel of—if (the ramp) would be in a stairway—was a woman's breast, about four feet high and four feet in diameter. The nipple of the breast was wired to a (buzzer. Very few passed there without pressing the "switch.")

Bill Stamper did all of the work, with the help of (Donald Chapman), then a very young architect, who (recently designed) the Bishop Plaza Building. He is now a (very successful) architect, but at that time he was (just an enthusiastic youngster, working, I believe, for Philip Fisk. He also) did two beautiful Dali-esque three-dimensional paintings. The whole thing was (genuine) artistic experience. (The naughtiness) wasn't really my temperament. But (it was) I (who) called it Intrauterine Space. When I brought that up before our committee, Nancy Corbett—a (very nice) woman—walked out. She was so outraged. She didn't make a scene or anything else, she just let us know that she didn't approve of (what she must have considered) obscenity.

And in order to get a permission to do it at Ala Moana Park, I had, again, a friend, who was the planning director of the park. His name was [Delos] Seeley. And through him, we got a permission to hold it there and serve liquor—which is not permitted in (public) parks—provided it (was to be a) strictly private party. So it was, I thought.

In order to (determine a favorable) date---I envisioned a full moon, cloudless sky,



warm. Again, another friend. Here his name was Saul Price, P-R-I-C-E. He was, at the time, the director of the federal weather station here. He's still living here. And I told him that we would like to have it on a Saturday, it would have (to have) a full moon and it would have (to be good outdoor) weather. He said, "Well, you ask a lot, but let me try." And he came back (shortly) and said, "Look, according to (your specifications), I recommend September 28," or whatever (date) it was. I don't remember. We held it then. He (hit it right on the dot)—full moon, almost cloudless sky, fantastic weather.

In order to make that Intrauterine Space more (interesting), we (pretended that) no woman is permitted to enter. Of course, they all wanted to and did. As people went—oh, I didn't say that yet. To leave that Intrauterine Space into the park, we had two eight feet tall red lips made out of upholstering material in shiny, bright-red satin. They were held together by springs. In order to get out, you had to squeeze through. It was an act of birth.

(Directly outside) we had, on (the) walkway, two (gigantic) barbecues—they were designed by the late (architect) Phillip Fisk—consisting of (two) copper sheets about eight feet tall and eight feet wide, (each) in a form of a flame, [with] spits about an inch and a half by inch and a half square (stainless) steel. On one we had a pig, on the other one we had a quarter (steer. As) we walked by there, they carved (the meat), and we ate (on the lawn).

Phil Fisk was (also) in charge (of the drinks). He negotiated (this) with a (caterer). People got a drink before they got something to eat. They gulped it down. They were thirsty already, whatever. The deal Phil made is that we would pay only for the liquor, but the bartender would provide the—how do you call it—mix, the soda water, and stuff like that. Well, the bartender didn't have much interest in (being generous with) the soda water—which he had to pay for—so evidently these drinks were very strong. The people gulped it down, and they were (immediately) euphoric, not drunk. Nobody vomited, nobody got sick, but they (felt like they) were already floating (above) the ground. I've never seen anything [like it] in my life. Well, that was the beginning.

We had a juggler and a guitar player, who (improvised) his own music and his own lyrics, walking in the crowd and performing. (Val) Ossipoff (was) in charge (of the main event. He arranged with)—Mrs. Gillette was her name (then). She was a dancer. She would lead a conga line (wading and dancing in the shallow water of the pool).

(Laughter)

AP: Before that (as the sun was setting) we had a very nice, lyrical (project). We had (at that time) about eight architects of Japanese (descent) in the (AIA). Ernie Hara was in charge of that group. They made, out of sheet (aluminum), little floats [with] a (lit) candle on (each). And when it became dark (these flickering lights) were floating in the (breeze). It was very successful.

At midnight, or soon after midnight, jazz players from the Brown Derby, at that time the most (elegant) nightclub we had here. I have never heard [them] before, but they were (highly) recommended. They agreed to come after (the bar closed) at midnight, sit on trees, and play (in the bright moonlight) on the trees. Fantastic.

(Remember, the ball was supposed to be strictly private. But) two things happened. Jim Morrison, our president, took it upon himself to invite a lady of the night in (a) black negligee as his guest. She was rather plump, and here (we) had her walk with her nose very high and exhibiting everything. The wife of an architect—I shall not name her, because I'm still mad at her—invited (the) *Life* magazine photographer to (attend with his camera). I didn't know anything about it. He photographed whatever (embarrassing situations) he saw, (although nobody was drunk at the party and nobody really took undue advantage of the moonlit night. There was a big, sensational spread) published in the *Life* magazine [October 25, 1948]. Carefully selected, (every shot shown) somehow had double meanings. (Wherever he) saw two people close together, or saw people sleeping, or people looking as if they would be sick, (he photographed). A big scandal.

The editor of the [*Honolulu*] *Star-Bulletin* [Riley Allen], considered as (something of a moral policeman), called me in. "How did you dare?" (He raised holy hell.) I was (finally) released after I promised I would never do it again.

(To me the affair was a) major experience. I discovered that I had (unknown talents in me), a leadership (capability), which I didn't know. I discovered that I could be (witty and) naughty. I discovered that I had a very, very easily stimulated imagination (and was inventive. The enormous success the ball had among artists and architects affected all of my future career.)

I come back now to the idea of architecture as art. When I was in school (we were imbued with) the idea that (every) architect is (supposed to be) an artist. So [in] my (architectural) work here I attempted to be artistic. When I worked in Dahl and Conrad, I was (looked upon to be) original. (Coming from a different milieu, everything looked different from) how local people were working. (I came also filled with contemporary architectural ideas. One of the earliest residences I designed had a semi-circular living room. Another had a cantilevered balcony. I was, more than my local colleagues, affected by the works of Frank Lloyd Wright, whose books were published in 1910, by Le Corbusier, and by the Bauhaus.)

(Yet) Bill Stamper (said) one day, "Fred, why don't you design these houses so that they are more beautiful, more exciting? They are good houses, they work well. You know your business, but you told me you want to be an artist. Why aren't you?"

My first house (after that), which I did on my own—I (had completed my work) with Hart Wood in May of 1943, and I had to open my own office. When I asked for a job at [C. W.] Dickey (and Guy Rothwell—they were the) only two architects in practice then—I volunteered that I was interned as an enemy alien. They didn't want to have anything to do with me. I couldn't get a job. So I had to start my own office. The (very) first job I had [was] recommended by Connie Conrad, who by that

time (had left the Army Corps of Engineers and worked with his father as) a jeweler. (With) the army corps (he) participated on the design (of the National Cemetery of the Pacific at Punchbowl). Am I spinning (this) too far (out)? Please interrupt me.

JR: How about if we take a short break, and I can put in another tape, okay?

END OF SIDE TWO

TAPE NO. 20-7-2-90; SIDE ONE

AP: I mentioned Connie Conrad, that he was a jeweler at that time, but he was well known as a designer before. So (when) people who came to him and wanted to have designs, he referred them to me.

(One of his previous clients), a young woman, a divorcée, had a house Connie designed before—a very modern [house] on stilts, with a round, (open), circular stairway going up. At that time, she (married another man), a Hawaiian fireman. She had no room for him upstairs. He had to sleep in the garage downstairs. She wanted (me to design) an alteration to make (the stairway) simply more private and (living) more comfortable. My first job, my first commission. (Soon she told me that) she was enamored with—what was his name, the actor who played in *Casablanca*?

JR: Bogart.

AP: The other one. The one who was German—spoke with an accent—who (played) the husband of Bergman in the (film) [Paul Henreid]. She began identifying me with him (evidently because of our similar accents. This got me into a situation for which I was not trained and prepared.) It was my first major experience. She made advances in the most (articulate manner imaginable). I wasn't interested. I was happily married, in love with my wife, and I tried to dissuade her. I had a hard time. So finally she got a neighbor, a (young) social worker, (in addition to her husband). That was my first job (and my first non-architectural experience).

(It was) soon thereafter—after (when) Bill Stamper told me, "Why don't you design?"—(that I was commissioned by) a young Chinese couple (to design) a residence—this time brand-new (one)—near the corner of Kaimukī Avenue and Kapahulu [Avenue]. It's still there. (It) became a (two-story), very slender, very small, (and very modern) building. That's the first building I designed for myself, not for Dahl and Conrad.

I asked Val Ossipoff, with whom I was (already) befriended, to come and have a look (and give me a critique). Val looked at it and said, "Too much." Do you know who Val Ossipoff is?

JR: Yeah.

AP: I (would have been) sensitive, but not with Val. You see, I knew, at that time already, that (this was his way). I wasn't offended. He could do anything and say anything he wanted to—and still does—(because I admired him and valued his judgement. I learned much from him.)

(Recently, Val Ossipoff) was invited by our television company [i.e., Hawai'i Public Television], on the "Spectrum (Hawai'i)" program, to appear. He refused. They phoned me and said, "Look, can't you help? We want Val."

They had me on the program before. I said, "I will try." So I talked to Val and said, "Look, you are an excellent speaker." He (felt) he was not. (But) I was able to persuade him, under the condition that I would be in the program, too, and simply feed him questions. That program is still around. They are still showing it. I don't know why I am saying that now.

(Pause)

You may have seen it [i.e., the "Spectrum" program] once. It was three or four times already shown. And what they did, at that time—they did, more or less, what you're doing—they get me to ramble about architecture in general, broad and wide, and picked out wherever I said something which could be used as an introduction to what (they wanted) Val (to comment on). That's the way it was done.

JR: So you were already in private practice in '43.

AP: I was (in) private practice from 1943 to 1963.

JR: Had you any encounters with John Burns in that period?

AP: No, not yet. I became very much involved after that arts ball, when I was discovered, in a way, you know, by my colleagues. I became an officer [of the AIA], and I became, soon thereafter—in 1951—president. I can, without exaggeration, say that I spent half of my time on community affairs and only half of them (on) my office (work). The community affairs were nonpaying. [I was a very strong critic about our public design in general. I felt that it was a shame, a scandal. A beautiful country here and the manmade environment is so ugly. People didn't dare to design—never thought of doing something important. I, at that time, had the idea that we are never going to change architecture unless we can persuade government, as a government responsibility, to enhance the physical environment. And I worked a great deal on that.]

Oh, an example. Ken Roehrig, who is dead now, was a prominent architect, a member of the [C.W.] Dickey office—the biggest office in town—a member of the City Planning Commission. He had the idea, when the plans of the Foster Tower—do you know? It's a roundish building, a low tower, in the middle of

Kalākaua Avenue on the mountain side. He felt if they built that building there, Kalākaua Avenue can never be aligned in such a way that you can drive towards Diamond Head and see Diamond Head at the end of Kalākaua Avenue. Although he was a member of the planning commission, he couldn't get anywhere. Not interested. "You can't do that."

He came to (see) me, because I was vice president at that time. And as vice president, I was in charge of—we called it civil design. And I said, "All right, let me talk to [George] Houghtailing." Houghtailing was the planning director, and we knew each other very well.

Houghtailing turned me down flat. He said, "I can't do anything. It's private property. It's unconstitutional."

"What does it mean 'unconstitutional'?" I stewed over that. (But) it was too late. Nothing could be done.

I read in the paper, at that time, that there will be a constitutional convention [in 1950] in preparation for statehood (and that it would be held in the old Schuman Building, now the site of the Hawai'i State Capitol). At that time, my (little) boy went to the Castle Kindergarten (a teacher training school of the University of Hawai'i College of Education). And I was lined up there to bring him there. And I was standing, by chance, next to Iwalani Mottl (the wife of Joe Mottl, of whom I talked about before). We were close friends by that time. She brought her boy (to the kindergarten, too). They were born almost at the same time. As a matter of fact, the two wives ganged up on us, and so they were born almost on the same day. And I told her about that [i.e., the Foster Tower plans]. (Because) her father was a politician, she was very *akamai* in politics, which I was not. I had some experience in politics at that time, [which] I may come back [to] if I think of it. And I told [her] about that. I said, "Do you have any idea? How do I go about it?"

There was a Chinese man, a lawyer, standing just next to her, a little bit behind her. And she turned to him and said, "Look, listen to that."

So she introduced me to him, and I told him about that. She introduced him because he was a member of the constitutional convention. (He was Senator Herbert K. Lee.) He was very (interested). And he said, "All right, I'm going to help you (introduce) it. What do you want (it to accomplish)?" And I told him, more or less, what (was in my mind). He put that into legal language almost without any change.

I knew, at that time, four other members of the constitutional convention. One was a Dr. Nils Larsen, a very prominent medic. He was the doctor for the sugar experimental station [i.e., Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association] and a very prominent man. He had a daughter who was a very good sculptress. He, himself, was (an accomplished) graphic artist. There was the superintendent of the Department of Public Instruction, now called public education—I can't remember his name right now—whom I knew [W. Harold Loper]. I knew a woman [Trude



Akau] whom I knew from the PTA [Parent Teacher Association]. She introduced me into the Congress of Parents and Teachers, and I became a director there. And through her, and also through my (architectural) work with the ILWU [International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union], I knew another (delegate) from Kaua'i [Frank Silva]. These are the four people.

Nils Larsen and Dr. Loper, the educator, were completely for (the idea). Trude Akau had misgivings. She said, "Look, what you are (trying) to do here (is) for the rich people and will keep the poor people out and in suppression."

I wanted to have in the constitution a clause which will permit us to design aesthetically and to preserve things of aesthetical and cultural value. She refused to help me. The (union man) from Kaua'i opposed it also. I was the architect for the ILWU. I did their building on Atkinson Drive and all the buildings on all the islands. I said, "Look, you know me. You know me for a long time now, Trude Akau. What I want to write is something which is precisely the opposite of what you're afraid of." Well, finally, I got her resistance broken. And they passed it.

We (needed) a test case. We persuaded a sign man with whom I (worked often) that he would, in one of his commissions, that he would (intentionally) violate the code. You see, we had, based on that constitution, now a (city and county) signs ordinance, which I helped write with the Outdoor Circle. And afterwards, when I worked for the state, I (caused the introduction of a statewide) billboard and sign ordinance. We wanted that he would design one in violation of a code as a test case (expecting that it would be rejected and then appealed at the state supreme court). The late justice [Bernard] Levinson wrote the most (effective) justification for it, in which he used the language which was necessary, equating the natural beauty and the environmental beauty with our economic (welfare). And we got it done, but too late for the Kalākaua Avenue. (But) based on (this law, almost all environmental and urban design legislation of Hawai'i was established).

One day [in 1962] Don Wolbrink, I believe, a (prominent) planner, called me and said, "Alfred, Burns, who is going to run against [Governor William] Quinn, wants to merge the Department of Planning and Research with the Department of Economic Development. I think that's a catastrophe."

I, at that time, was working on an idea that we would send to the two candidates a list of questions (of) environmental (importance). What I didn't say—at that time I was a (member) of (most if not all) committees having to do with the environment and involving all the planning professions, (many of which I chaired). I thought that if we could commit these two men, in writing, to answer some of our questions, that they would (be on the record and) that it will not be easy for them to deviate from that. They agreed. It didn't work out (though), because, in the meanwhile, (President John F.) Kennedy discovered missile (installations) in Cuba, called in the governors (of all states) to a meeting in Washington to warn them that war may break out. When (Governor) Quinn came back (to Hawai'i), it was so close to the election (date) that we had to drop that (effort).

But meanwhile, coming back now to Wolbrink, who warned me that they are considering—Burns is considering—to merge these two departments. He was influenced by a university man [Shelley Mark]. He used to be, supposedly, in this building [Porteus Hall]. He was the boss of Dr. [Fred] Hung, who is an economist here. And he [i.e., Mark] became ultimately the planning director for Burns. And he was convinced, with justification, that (one) cannot separate economy from planning, that planning must be (based on) economic (considerations. We understood this), but we were afraid that planning (would) be dictated by economic conditions, which is not the same thing.

I didn't know Burns. I have seen him two or three times. I was a member of the (Honolulu) Lions Club. He was a member of the (Kokokahi) club. The (rite) was if you missed a meeting, you had to make it up in a different (branch). There I saw him (quite often. I must confess that there he made a) poor impression. He (felt he had to constantly make) jokes. (This was one of his lesser gifts.)

But here it was. I had to have access now to Burns. I didn't know how to do that, so I went to Joe Mottl—again, the same guy. That's why I mentioned him, because he was instrumental here—he and his wife—on two different occasions. He knew Burns—Burns, although a Democrat, and his father-in-law was a Republican, but that didn't make any difference. They knew each other very well. He called and made an appointment for me.

So I met Burns for the first time. And that's when I tried to persuade him to participate in the (planned questionnaire, to which he agreed). And later on then, when the campaign was on (the way, we told him of our fears that planning would suffer by being dictated to by economic objectives). We would like to have an opportunity to meet with him as a group and to discuss it and then find whether we can find some reassurance.

Well, we had a series of meetings, most of them conducted by Shelley Mark, who was already designated to become the planning director. By the way, [prior to the interview] you called me planning director. He was the planning director, not I. I was state planning coordinator, a position which didn't exist [earlier]. They (persisted) on that [i.e., merging the two departments], and we lost. (The merging of the two departments became a fait accompli.)

But (during) these negotiations, Aaron Levine—I don't know whether that name means anything to you. He was the head of the O'ahu Development Conference. He came from Philadelphia. He was there a member of the higher staff of the planning (department) and was (an expert planner and) an expert in citizen participation. He was a member of our group—architects, landscape architects, planners, and so forth—and he (mentioned) to Burns, "Governor, you say that you will not (permit) planning (to suffer), that you will not permit that planning will become a (mere economic) function, which would destroy our landscape and (the traditions and aspirations of the people of Hawai'i)."

And the governor said, "Yes, that's what (I) want.

And Aaron made a suggestion. "Why don't you, as some other (agencies) have been doing, hire somebody as an advisor, in basically aesthetic and social questions?"

Almost a year afterwards—after he [i.e., Burns] was elected—I (had the opportunity to meet) Shelley Mark (in his) office. (We came to talk about Aaron Levine's suggestion. Although) there was no (appropriate) position available really—(except for) some planning openings, as planners with a very low salary—[there was] a title which was available, which was created but never filled, (of a) state planning coordinator. And at that one meeting he described to me what he had in mind—that he would like me to work with all of the departments, essentially (to improve the appearance of all state development). He concurred with my idea that the state would become the (stimulator in raising the environmental standards) of our buildings (and open spaces). And that's the way it was (to be) done.

I said, "Look, I've got to talk to my wife (about the money)."

I talked to my wife. I thought she would laugh at my face and say, "Forget it." She didn't. She said, "Do it. You are beating your head against the wall. You're (expending) half of your (working) time (without any compensation). You earn only half as much as you could. And whenever decisions (are made), you lose, not every time, but most of the time. Why don't try and (work from) the inside and see whether you can do better." My wife said---the only question she asked, "Do they pay regularly?"

I said, "Yes."

"That's all I need. I can budget it."

And that's the way I took it.

I entered that position on October the 7th, 1963. (The planning offices) were, at that time, at the Kapuāiwa Building. It was a two story building next to the supreme court building.

JR: Oh, yeah.

AP: I was treated (exquisitely). I got a large office located between the planning director and the deputy planning director. I shared the (planning director's) secretary (and) had access to the typing and other staff. (I did not have any administrative duties and no preconceived job description.) "You do what you want. We depend on you now. It was your idea. You show us how to do it."

I really didn't know how to start. I talked to some people. Aaron Levine said, "Look, your title is planning coordinator. Why don't you coordinate?"

"What does that mean?"

"Well, why don't you talk to the planning director, so that—and let's see what you can do."

The governor, when he (accepted) me, sent a circular letter ordering every department head (together with all the deputies) to attend every meeting I call. I (feared) they would treat me with suspicion and (misgivings) because (of my previous public criticisms), but they all were anxious to (become) better. It was a fantastic experience.

JR: Did you have contact with the governor at all?

AP: Yeah. When Shelley Mark [and I] came to an agreement, he took me to the governor. The governor told me how much he appreciates that I accepted the position, he knows that I'd do it only at a fraction of (my) normal (income), that he appreciates citizens that sacrifice here, and (words) like that. I was beginning to be impressed by him. But I really became impressed by him when the time came for me to (draft the rules for the operation of the Land Use Commission, and I watched how personally, how warmly, and how effectively he won each of the commissioners).

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

AP: I started out—based on (the) advice Aaron Levine gave me—that I should work with the various departments and see whether I can make them to (better correlate) with each other. That (would become planning) coordination.

I started out with the Department of Land and Natural Resources. And according to the governor's instruction, the department head came, the deputy director came, the division heads came, and each department of each other department having anything to do with planning, not only physical planning. So everyone came.

And I started out by asking (the representatives of) the Department of Land and Natural Resources that they would describe for the audience what they (were working on). I'm not exaggerating (if I say that this) was the first time that they were talking in front of each other. (There were, of course), the governor's breakfast meetings every Monday, but that was only for the department heads to meet over a breakfast and talk (shop with) each other (that means administrative or political questions).

The first other activity I started (in the first week)—oh, what I need to say (is) that at that time I was chairman of a Chamber of Commerce [of Hawai'i] committee (on beautification). And I was also chairman of the Diamond Head (and Waikiki) planning committee of [Honolulu Mayor Neal] Blaisdell. I have to tell you (what and) how that happened.

JR: Okay, I'm ready.

AP: I knew (from the chamber of commerce committee meeting and the papers that) there would be a (state) capitol building. And I knew that they wanted to put it where it actually is. (But I knew also) that there was no plan (for a government center. It was not known) how many departments there would be, where the cars would go, (how people would circulate, how the departments would relate to each other, to the legislature, and to the governor's office). There was no plan, simply. (We) worked through the leadership of the chamber of commerce and got them to (urge the legislature) to enact a law (to) plan for the location and the environment of the capitol building (and for the functional and physical relationship of the various departments).

On the (very) first day when I was (in the office, Frank Skrivaneck, the principal planner under Shelley Mark, asked me) to attend a meeting in which the location of State Office Building Number One—the current Kalanimoku Building—would be determined. I forgot where the meeting was held. The comptroller at that time—the head of the Department of Accounting and General Services—was Val Marciel. And Pancho—that was (Frank Skrivaneck's) nickname—took care of me. (He oriented me, advised me, and helped me.) When I (warned him), "I'm not a planner. I'm an architect."

(He said), "Don't worry, you will learn. I will help you." And he did.

His prime job, however, was to watch that I don't step on too many toes, which I constantly did. I was very much accustomed (to be my own boss and) to criticize. And you don't do that in government.

There were (many) people there (at the meeting, most of whom I didn't know, but many knew of me). I listened. I was sitting in the background. And then, when they started to look at me (with expectation) when [they] were through talking, I raised the question. I said, "How can you decide on a building (site) without knowing what the building is supposed to do, how it will relate to the other buildings, how it will relate to the governor's office, how it will relate to the legislature? How can you do that? What you've got to have is a (comprehensive) plan, in which these things will be determined."

This is when Marciel laughed and said, "Yes, we have (already an) appropriation for that (plan). And we (had you in mind as consultant)."

They accepted at that (first) meeting (my) proposal to (start by forming) a major citizen (advisory) group. (Mr. Marciel accepted the chairmanship. I was to represent Shelley Mark, the state planning director.) My task, then, was to (help) organize (a citizen) planning group. I (could count), out of my (previous) committees, (on about) sixty people there, and all competent (and experienced. We needed) thirty-four, thirty-five people, or something like that. (I proposed to appoint) Aaron Levine as chairman, because (of his national reputation as an expert in citizen planning participation, which he gained as a member of the



planning team of the city of Philadelphia, which was at that time leading in city planning (work with citizen advisors). And that was the way it (began).

I felt so strongly about that—they should not start planning a capitol without having a (comprehensive) plan—that I asked to be permitted to address the AIA (to win their support for a master plan before committing to a site for the capitol building. I failed. I found) that three prominent architects were commissioned to design (conceptual) capitol buildings in order to (aim at an appropriate appearance). I didn't know that they were commissioned.

Bill Merrill, who (moved to California to retire—he was the winner of a 1938 master plan competition to design a civic center plan—speaking for others declined in a polite but firm manner to support me). He said, “Alfred, don't you see that we (are committed) here? What do you want us to do? (You don't want us) to give it up? Why don't you go somewhere else to do the plan?”

So, “Okay, I will (follow your advice,” and I went back to my chamber of commerce committee, where we developed a draft for the legislature recommending funding of such a comprehensive plan. The chamber approved our proposal, and it was successful.)

(This proved to us an important lesson. Business, if properly approached, can become a powerful friend of planning and will not oppose it, as many of us had assumed.)

(The chamber of commerce sponsored) a meeting (to be) held in Waikīkī. Donald Wolbrink (the most prominent planner in Hawai'i) was on it, and (so was) I—we were the co-chairmen. (It was at that meeting that the chamber of commerce president invited me to form the Beautification Committee, composed of the best young designers in Hawai'i and announced our proposal to form a committee of influential businessmen of the construction industry to provide the “muscle” for better planning and better building.) The Hawaiian Electric Company and Castle & Cooke agreed, “Okay, we'll help.” And at that meeting it was decided (that) each company will send and pay for one (its) the key people to the Mainland to search for a (professional) leader of such an organization. (This) was done. They came back and recommended, without alternatives, Aaron Levine. So you see what I was leading up to. And there, Aaron Levine (formed the O'ahu Development Conference—the ODC. He chose two members of each branch of the construction industry, to obtain multiple viewpoints and, I suppose, to balance each other.)

(I served on the ODC during its entire lifetime as one of its charter members, even when I became the executive director of the State Foundation on Culture and the Arts.)

(This coincided)—I come back to Burns—(with my appointment as state) planning [coordinator] (providing organizational liaison between the private and public sectors of planning).

So—I'm coming back—I looked around. I knew the civic center very well. And I knew that every single building is different—existing building. Some of them well done, others not so well done. And I knew that we could not simply tear them down, as most planning would have done, that we (must) work with the buildings. Since they are (architecturally) all different, I (felt) that they cannot be correlated (with each other) into a normal urban design plan, in which the architecture would relate to each other in a (complementary) manner. They are totally different. I (recommended), then, that we should not emphasize the buildings (as such), but accept them and emphasize the (open) spaces between the buildings and make a park out of (the entire area). And the great park concept—that was the term that was created then—was decided on. We (went) through the whole list of existing buildings and decide which of them got to be preserved, which ought to be reconstructed, updated, and which ultimately, if any, should be destroyed. We set these priorities, and we planned that way. It was the idea, the concept, (which) was accepted. When we came to that point, we knew that we had to have a professional planner to put that on paper.

(Pause)

The appropriations bill, under which the capitol improvement planning district was financed, had a clause in it which was put in by Pancho Skrivanek—before my time—in which the (governor) would have the responsibility to review every building or every site for a state building from, among other reasons, purposes of appearance. At that time, we had, already, the constitution [that was drafted at the constitutional convention in 1950], but we were not yet a state, but we prepared for statehood. So we made that plan. . . . Oh, I'm wrong here. We were already a state.

The question was who was going to do the plan. (There was talk) that one firm in Honolulu was destined to do the federal building, was sure that they would get the city and county building, and they were (considered to) also get the capitol building. I talked about it to some of my colleagues to see whether they concurred with my judgment. What I would have wanted to do [was] have a local architect to do the design of the master plan. But (we found that the architectural firm for the buildings) would have never worked with that (local) architect. So (we recommended the commission) hire (John Carl Warnecke of San Francisco, the same) design consultant for the capitol building, to do the master plan.

I need to say here that a commission of private people—under the leadership of Bob Midkiff and [George] Koga, at that time—decided on a competition for the capitol building, which would be (designed) by local architects under the condition that each would be associated with a (prominent) designer (from the Mainland).

Warnecke—John Warnecke—the design consultant for the capitol, (designed) the [John F.] Kennedy grave in Arlington [National Cemetery]. He did buildings in Washington [D.C.]. He did, essentially in California, schools. And he was a good architect. We respected him. The idea was accepted that he would become the design consultant. He (appointed) Richard Sutton—Ty Sutton—(who worked in his

office on the capitol as his representative). He was in charge of the (civic center) plan. And he worked with us. And he, in the most faithful way and sensitive way, translated all these loose ideas, you know—which we had jotted down, we had records of it—into a physical plan. The physical plan was presented to the state legislature. The state legislature, (although it) liked the idea (and the plan), said (that) this is really a (zoning problem and therefore) a city responsibility.

The city accepted the (responsibility). At that time, we changed mayors. And at that time, the (political rivalry) between the (mayor and the governor had started). And the state—I don't know who initiated that, we were very much against it—decided to exempt all state buildings from city and county control. Fortunately, (we had) three city representatives—(a) landscape architect, (an) architect, (and a planner)—working on our citizens committee. So they acted as—not coordinators—as (conciliators to reflect the interests of the plan). There was (therefore) no conflict between the city and the state (concepts).

But the civic center plan, the location, we finally had and ended up to say, "Yes, it's fine where the capitol will be." And the capitol was—already incorporated some of our thinking. And at that time, we knew, more or less, which other departments—that there would be eighteen departments, later on seventeen—it was reduced—and some of them would be in such and such and such building, and for others, new buildings will have to be created. So we knew already that there would be a building of planning—I'm sorry, for the comptroller—Department of Accounting and [General] Services—where the construction activities would be coordinated. In the same building would have to be the Department of Land and Natural Resources. I attended all these meetings. I still was working for the state.

The job was given to a (young) architect. We (had) hoped that there would be one of the best architects commissioned for (this) first commission, which would (set) a precedent for state buildings and which would (influence design standards) for private architecture, too—business architecture. And we recommended that he ought to have a prominent design consultant to design the building in such a way that it would (reflect but not overshadow the design for) the capitol. We determined that the site would be on the (Waikīkī) side of Punchbowl Street, facing Beretania [Street], in a (close visual relation with) the capitol.

The architect chosen was the (Danish) architect (Jorn Utzon) who did the Sydney Opera House, who had a friend in Honolulu—visited Honolulu a great deal. We knew each other very well. I was delighted. Under the influence of some of our committee members, he decided to make little buildings—separate buildings, residence-like—and place them there on the site, on the site of Punchbowl and Beretania. And when that was presented to our group, that was immediately protested by the Department of Land and Natural Resources [DLNR]. They said, "Look, we are working on conditions like that now. We can't keep on working that way (in separate spaces)." They worked in what is now the Territorial Building and were (located) on different floors. In order to walk from one office, some had to go (outdoors) and go to the office. They (could not continue) that way. It's got to be in a single building.

It was (my first difficult) situation. I was supposed to be (sympathetic to) the citizen committee. (But) as state planning coordinator (I knew that DLNR was) right, that they've got to have a single building. So I spoke up. (Jorn Utzon) was upset. (I addressed myself to) Aaron Levine, (their chairman). I said, "Look, it can be done. What you are really trying to do (is to) break down the (building) mass into smaller visual (elements) so that the whole thing will be in scale, human scale. It can be done."

So he said, "You do it."

And I said, "Oh, I can't do it."

"Do it with the architect's (consent)."

I said, "I can do it if the architect accepts (the arrangement)."

(The commissioned architect, Shoso Kagawa, was generous enough to consent. He asked his designer to work with me, and that's the way the building was designed.)

JR: Can we just stop for a second?

END OF SIDE TWO

TAPE NO. 20-8-2-90; SIDE ONE

AP: There was one incident in which [Frank] Fasi, without ever admitting that he was willing to cooperate, happened to cooperate. Meanwhile, there was a competition, under the chairmanship of Aaron Levine, (for the design of) the municipal building on the corner of King Street and . . .

JR: Cooke?

AP: No, no, no. Well, you know where the municipal building is [at the corner of King Street and Alapa'i Street], and that building was there. And at that time, he was thinking of building a parking garage on (its) *mauka* side. I didn't yet know what he wanted to do. We needed to have sidewalks, walkways. And the state had the landscape architect to show it, or the county did—I don't really remember who started that—but it happened to be that the walk plan, the walkway plan, went back (from the city) to the comptroller's office for an input by the state. And the comptroller (Hideo Murakami) happened to be an architect. He said, "Look, they gave us a chance to have an input. Do you mind looking at it." I had a soft pencil and started to sketch. The sketch was sent over to Fasi. Fasi gave it to the landscape architect. The landscape architect (adopted) it with minor changes. So that was (perhaps) the first secret collaboration between county and state. And I tell you how much I appreciated it.

I had a major thing, which was really a stroke of whatever you want to call it. At

that time, I envisioned to (enlarge) the (open) space between the state building and Punchbowl Street in order to (widen) the open space between the capitol building and Punchbowl. In order to do that, we would have had to push the state building as far towards Waikiki and *mauka* as possible. And that was done. And I was able to do that and anchor it with that walkway plan. And this is what they have there now. They have almost the same distance between the state building on Punchbowl and the capitol building on Punchbowl. The space around the capitol building is larger. And that became, I think, a very important element of the plan.

Well, there---while I was on the state foundation, I was very much involved in architecture, in public architecture, and urban design. And that was a part of our program, so I could do that without conflict. I had no conflict of interest. I didn't get paid for that. I hardly got paid from the state either.

JR: You were about to tell us about the bill for the state foundation.

AP: Okay.

JR: So . . .

AP: You are saving me. Well, at the very beginning of my work as state planning coordinator, something which I didn't count with and which became dreadful—a flood of paperwork and correspondence. Everything having to do with aesthetics and everything having to do with social questions, which were basically aesthetic, too, having to do with feeling.

JR: Mm hmm. Give me an example.

AP: What?

JR: An example of some of these social, aesthetic questions that you were confronted with.

AP: I'm giving you nothing but examples.

JR: So the civic center complex . . .

AP: Yes, yes. That and others. I discovered---I mentioned that earlier, that Pancho Skrivaneck—under Quinn still, under the Republican administration—introduced (the) idea that the governor would have the power to review all plans for land and for (state) buildings from the standpoint of appearance. That's the term they used, so that, essentially, it was aesthetic. And I, again, crystallized the idea, brought it to Shelley Mark, and got his approval to call upon the AIA and have the AIA appoint nine architects, of whom I could select three, as the cases would be, in order to assist and advise me, so it wouldn't have [to] be a single man's idea to review all state plans. And that's the way it was done. I wanted a group of nine so they become accustomed, but also to avoid a potential conflict of interest. So I don't have to select an architect who was involved with a project, or had strong opinions,



or whatever.

So this is one of the examples in which we, for the first time then, reviewed every single plan, not only for the building per se but for the setting, and sometimes for a setting for a building which was not even determined yet. And the way that happened to be is that the architects insisted that they will advise me, but it will be entirely up to me what I will choose to accept, that the ultimate report would be mine, so there will be a single responsibility, which was a very wise decision. In aesthetics, you have difference of opinions, and they didn't want people to become involved and drawn into quibbling. So all of these (plans) have been reviewed by me, with the advice of the best architects we had. In time, when we already had the. . . . Oh no, let me go back to your question, "How did the state foundation start?"

Well, I got that enormous paperwork from everywhere, all over the world. And one day, I got a fat report with a letter stating that Congress is working on a bill—and that's the draft of a bill—to create a national council on the arts and a national foundation for the arts.

I was always interested in the arts. When Quinn appointed an arts commission, I was jealous that he didn't consider me, he didn't invite me. And when I inquired whether the position was still open, I found out, no, they were all filled with very worthy artists, representative of all art faculties. (The commission was) simply appointed on executive order without any (legislative action or) power whatsoever. Quinn, as a Republican at a time when there was the beginning of a major Democrat swell, was (without power. The commission) couldn't do anything. They didn't even meet a single time. But here it was, they had a commission. Every single member was a friend of mine. I loved them, I admired them, I respected them. I had absolutely no objection. I hoped that we could get, now, (the) same commission, but appointed by the Burns and approved by the legislature. That's the way it started out. I went to Shelley Mark and said, "I would like to introduce a bill for the creation of such a commission."

He said, "All right. Why don't you draft"—what they called the short form bill, which I did. I did it basically in the pattern of the National Endowment for the Arts. I envisioned two parallel organizations. One in charge of the arts—we called it the culture and the arts. No, we called it arts and the humanities, just the way the national did. And I wrote that bill. And that was written in legalese by Tom Dinell, who used to be downstairs here. I visited him here in that building. He was, at that time, working for the legislature. So he wrote that bill. And we had to testify for it. And I got all my (architect and artist) friends out. And they voted for it. It was a governor's bill, a so-called administration bill, so it had the weight and the power and the prestige of a newly-elected governor here. It was adopted [in 1965].

JR: Did you have any consultation with the governor prior to submitting the bill or. . . .

AP: Only that he knew that I was doing it, only that he gave me the permission to call

it an administration bill. And he was that way. He left the rest up to me. And I mentioned that I patterned it after the national proposal.

When the bill came before the legislature, a Kaua'i representative—I forget his name—[Richard] Kawakami, who died [in 1987] and had to be replaced later on—it was his responsibility to work on (the bill). And he called me in. And he said that he doesn't want to offend me, but he really doesn't like the emphasis on history, that what we need in Hawai'i is the cultivation of the various cultures in Hawai'i, whether I would object to that. I said, "For heaven's sake, no. I'd kick myself for not having thought of that myself." And we decided, then, to call it the State Foundation on Culture and the Arts.

And there I got to give him, or his staff, complete credit. They came up with a definition of culture as the customs, mores, traditions—no, the (arts), customs, mores, and traditions of the various ethnic people living in Hawai'i, which covered everything. It didn't say what they could do, but it was covered (by its context), with the same emphasis, that the objective would be to (fan and) develop (interest in culture and the arts). And this way the bill was written and was adopted. No difficulties at that time. The whole thing was in the honeymoon (period) still, you know, between the governor and the legislature. Whatever he wanted, he got. And in a way, whatever I (recommended), the governor said, "Okay." So this is the way the bill of the state foundation was created.

I was still the state planning coordinator (and handled the work on the state foundation in that capacity). I was still working, sitting between Shelley Mark and between his deputy, and nothing happened. I went to Shelley Mark and said, "Look, nothing happens. What am I going to do?"

So he said, "Did you send names for (recommendation to) the commission?" There were supposed to be nine (commissioners).

I said, "Yes, I did."

"How did you do it?"

I said, "Partly out of my own experience. Where I didn't have any experience, I wrote to somebody who had, and I tried to get their advice." I knew fairly much about the art situation on O'ahu. I had very little insight on the neighbor islands. I knew some of the artists. So I wrote to Tadashi Sato on Maui, as an example, who was a student of mine when I was teaching at the academy under Bill Stamper. And I asked him that he should give me a list of at least three names of people who would be representative of all the art forms. That means they would have to be knowledgeable at least in one and sympathetic to all the others, they would have to be residents there, they would be respected there, and so forth. He sent me three names. I did the same thing with Kaua'i. I knew enough about O'ahu that I didn't need any help here.

So I sent that, I told Shelley Mark, (as) a proposal I made to the governor. I gave

him a list of twenty-seven names—three names for each of the nine positions—but he didn't act. "What should I do?" Months and months and months [had] passed and nothing happened.

So he said, "Why don't you go over there and talk to him."

I (went) over there—I made an appointment, of course—and (with) his arm around my shoulder he said, "Alfred, that's a marvelous job you did. But I thought you knew really what I was after. I don't want to have the same old names, which did that all the time." I proposed almost all the names of the previous commission. They were prominent artists, the best people that we had.

And again, I was blushing and said, "God, how come that I, of all people out there, didn't think of it."

In the most gentle way he rebuked me, that I was an elitist. He didn't say that, of course. He wanted what I really would have wanted anyhow, but I didn't do it because I was patterning the whole thing after the national endowment thing and after the commission of Quinn. It was the (most) humiliating lesson and gratifying lesson, at that same time, I experienced in my dealing with him.

There was another one. Since you want to know about Burns, I will tell you that, too. So I did just that. There was a meeting called in Chicago of the newly organized American Arts Council. It was sponsored by the Rockefeller Brothers, who (recommended) the National [Endowment for the Arts] bill. (They funded the research and the publication of a book which told, in the most dramatic manner, that American artists, regardless of fame, were starving and on the way to bankruptcy and annihilation. The endowment bill was introduced originally under the presidency of) Eisenhower, finally approved (under) Kennedy, and ultimately (enacted under) Johnson. Johnson signed the bill a week after Burns signed ours. We were the first state agency to get that approved. [Governor Burns signed Act 269 establishing the SFCA on July 12, 1965. President Johnson signed the National Foundation on the Arts and the Humanities Act, P.L. 89-209, on September 29, 1965.]

JR: Can I ask you a question before we get to Chicago?

AP: Please do.

JR: Now, you mentioned that nothing happened after Burns signed the bill. What did you have in mind? Did you expect the foundation to have a budget, a staff? I mean . . .

AP: No, no, that wasn't the issue. The issue was to create a commission first, so that (there would be) a body (with the authority) to make recommendations (and decisions).

JR: And you . . .

AP: And I didn't have that yet. We didn't have that commission yet, the board.

JR: And you understood that you would, when there was a commission, be selected as director of the state foundation?

AP: Not yet. Not yet. I simply did that in my role of state planning coordinator responsible for the aesthetic furtherance of the state.

Let me come back to Chicago. I don't have to go into details yet. Shelley Mark called me and had a newspaper in front of him and said, "Did you see that?"

I said, "Yes, I saw it."

A name totally unknown to (him, to me, and to others), who was (mentioned)—recommended—to become the (first) chairman of the State Foundation on Culture and the Arts and who would represent Hawai'i at the American Arts Council meeting in Chicago. How (did) that happen?

Shelley Mark, "Do you know who that is?"

I said, "No."

Masaru ["Pundy"] Yokouchi. I did not remember that he was one of the three names which Tadashi Sato recommended to me and I submitted to the governor. I didn't remember it. I didn't know either one of them. I knew Sato, but I didn't know anybody else. I didn't know Pundy Yokouchi.

I wanted to talk to Yokouchi since I saw it now that we both (may) have to go to (the) Chicago (meeting of the American Arts Council). But he beat me to it. He called me. And he said, "Mr. Preis," in a very polite way, "the governor wants me to go to Chicago and to represent the state foundation. I can't do it. I don't know (anything) about the arts." It was the conversation on the telephone we had, the only one really we had before we went to Chicago.

And I told him, I said, "Look, listen to me speak. I speak with a German accent. I learned my English from books. You speak the language of the people. How do you think I can communicate with the people (as effectively as) a man like you?"

That was basically the argument I (offered), to [get him to] say, "Yes, I will go, (and I will accept the chairmanship of the state foundation)."

We didn't meet yet. We met in Chicago. And we didn't even, there, meet at the hotel or (one of the) meetings. We met for the first time (when we came) outside of a concert hall (at) the temperature (of) minus seven degrees (without the windchill factor). And there was a man in a tropical tuxedo, without an overcoat, and he was blue in his face, freezing. I don't remember (whether) I was seeing a cab or car with people I knew, but anyhow, we stopped the car, and we got Pundy into that car and to the hotel. That was my encounter with Pundy Yokouchi.

Pundy, at that time, still felt that I knew all about the art and he knows nothing. I visited him then (often), you know---well, I need to say, (in the) meanwhile, after Chicago, the governor finally approved---out of the list (I had presented)---nine names, with Pundy Yokouchi as chairman. I still was puzzled why Pundy, a real estate man, (was chosen). So we talked on the phone a lot---not a lot, but several times---and Pundy invited me to come to Maui and to visit him there in his home and office. (Our) linkage was (still) Tadashi Sato, a Maui artist (of) Japanese (ancestry). What I learned, meanwhile, is that Pundy Yokouchi was the governor's (political representative) on Maui, essentially trying to cultivate the Japanese vote on Maui. And that (may have been the cause for his) intimate friendship with Sato. He (owned) three paintings by Sato---(very good ones)---which he showed me (with great pride). Now, I happen to (admire) Sato. I mentioned that he was a student of mine, but that's not why. Sato simply was an artist I cherished. So that was my recommendation to Pundy---the paintings (and) the attitude he had towards the paintings. But at that time (I learned to appreciate) Pundy (as a) very nice, (dedicated, and sincere man). And I was lucky (to have such a chairman. I developed a great respect for him as a chairman who never brought politics into our relationship, the exception that he a hundred times intervened on my behalf to protect me against political pressures.)

JR: I think we should---we'll stop here.

END OF INTERVIEW



Tape No. 20-9-3-90, 20-10-3-90 and 20-11-3-90

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with

Alfred Preis (AP)

July 26, 1990

Honolulu, O'ahu

BY: Joe Rossi (JR)

JR: This is the continuation of an interview with Alfred Preis, conducted July 26, 1990, on the University of Hawai'i campus. The interviewer is Joe Rossi.

Mr. Preis, perhaps we could pick up with Chicago, and you could tell us a little bit more about that first national meeting that you attended.

AP: This was a meeting of the American Arts Council, which was essentially an advisory group which was stimulated by the Rockefeller Foundation in support of a formation of a national program. That was very early in the game.

There were two or three state councils, but they grew out of private organizations, not government organizations. So the attitude was a very different one, you could almost say hostile—a prejudicial caution to get involved with government. It may very well have been that we were the only state arts agency created by the legislature at that time. So both Pundy and my attitude was different from the attitude of the others. You see, the American Arts Council was private, created by private agencies for private purposes. The question then was how could the National Endowment for the Arts—which also was not organized yet—collaborate and fit in with the American Arts Council. (But) at that conference the decision was made to collaborate, which was a step forward. It could have been just as well the other direction.

I really cannot tell you more about that conference. I don't remember. I didn't understand, yet, the politics, you know, of a private agency. So, I had a feeling of being disturbed by the rivalry, by the suspicion, of the people who were the private agencies, against government. Again, remember I was a fairly new citizen, and citizenship was sacred to me.

JR: When the conference was finished, you and Pundy came back to Hawai'i.

AP: We had, then, to complete our board membership—the commission membership—which was not completed yet. And you will find in the papers some reference to that. [Prior to this interview session, AP presented JR with a packet of

memos and notes from early SFCA meetings.] In addition to Pundy, who was chairman, we were supposed to have Eddie Tangen, an ILWU man; Reuel Denny, American studies; I forgot his name now, but it, again, shows up here, a humanities man [actor Richard Boone]. We had a representative in music [Alvina Kaulili]. But of the board members, we had Mrs. [Charlotte] Cades, although we asked for Mr. Cades. Mr. Cades was very much involved in the arts—and I was involved with him (in) the arts before—but he requested that his wife ought to be appointed instead of him. And she is a very cultivated lady, literate, a dancer, and versatile in all the arts, really. And we had another man, I think, [geophysicist] Bill Ichinose. [Also appointed to the first SFCA board were Kaua'i librarian Thelma Hadley and Hilo homemaker June Kanemitsu.]

JR: How did the appointments work? Did the governor ask you for your input and opinion, the same way he asked earlier?

AP: No, no. The governor already named the people. We talked about that the last time, that I had two lists. One was totally rejected, the other one was almost completely replaced with people he knew or who applied. I don't really know how that was done. They were sworn in by a member of the supreme court in the lieutenant governor's office. And at the subsequent meeting, they received then a certificate from the lieutenant governor, including the print-outs on the act establishing the state foundation [Act 269] and already—because meanwhile the national endowment has been established—a print-out on the public law of the national endowment [P.L. 89-209]. So the people had all of that.

We decided, at the first or one of the first meetings, that in order to start—we had some principles established, that we would stress to bring the arts to places in which they are not properly represented, that we would work for the qualitative improvement of the arts, that we will spread it among the people, regardless of educational background, income, and social status. And Mrs. Cades injected at that time—I read [in the aforementioned papers]—that government ought to stay out of the arts business. She's also private.

We also decided, at that time, that in order to begin, and to begin in the correct way, to reach out to the neighbor islands that we would have a conference in fall, in the middle of September [1966]—September [22], 23, 24, 25—to which we would invite as many people as we could, anybody who was interested in (the arts), from all the islands. But something else we did in preparation, therefore. . . .

At that conference in Chicago, we met a Canadian, Milton Carman—C-A-R-M-A-N—who was the executive director of the Toronto Provincial Arts Council. Canada was way ahead of us in organization. They had very few inhibitions to work with government. There we had a royalty, of course, as you know, and royalty always were in favor of the arts. And the people were accustomed that royalty would be in favor of the arts. So there was no difficulty. They were way ahead. They had way more money. They were established. They knew what they were doing. They had marvelous theaters, dance companies, and so forth. So I went to Toronto to meet Carman and to (find out from) him how he was organized, to see what I could

learn from there. And I did. And there I learned how they were related to their Department of Education, which was very interesting to us, which became vital after we had our conference.

So we invited Carman to come to Hawai'i in preparation for the conference, to prepare the groundwork. And we invited Charles—or Chuck—Mark, who was a staff member of the National Endowment for the Arts, in charge of community affairs, and invited him to come.

So in preparation, therefore—and Pundy was already very helpful because of his political connections—we arranged a sequence of breakfast meetings with the county government people, not only supervisors but also the legislators who are (living) there, in order to have a linkage. We had, then, a luncheon meeting with the mayor in each county. And we had a late meeting—(sometimes) a dinner meeting, (sometimes) after dinner—with a group of local artists (and people interested in the arts), which would become the nucleus of a community arts council on each island. The objective was to create a sounding board and a board to (request, receive, and) administer grants which (the SFCA would approve for) the counties.

Mr. Carman had his wife with him. Chuck Mark drove—an excellent driver, but mad. I can only tell you that after the third day, we were so tired we could hardly look out of our eyes. We lost our way and all kinds of adventures. But finally, we ended up the tour. We went to every island. We established two councils for the Big Island, because of the distance, East and West Hawai'i. We established, or wanted to establish, not only a Maui council—we had, then, a Lahaina council, and a central Maui council, and a Moloka'i, and a Lāna'i organization in mind, anyway. Kaua'i had only one. So we had then, well before the fall conference—the Governor's Conference [on Culture and the Arts]—we had the nucleus of a statewide organization. And we were able, therefore, already to telephone or to write to these people and stimulate attendance, find out who's coming.

Pundy appointed—after, that was negotiated ahead of time—Reuel Denny and Eddie Tangen (to become) co-chairmen in preparation of the program (for the Governor's Conference on Culture and the Arts). Reuel Denny in charge of literature, humanities, (and the performing arts, and) Eddie Tangen, who was essentially (versed in the) environmental arts, but (was) to take care of (all) visual arts. And I was in the midst of it.

We wanted to invite to that conference the national leadership. We thought that would be very helpful, both directions—that they would know who we are and that they will not sneer at us, as they always were doing (to states west of the Mississippi. Worse, we were even more west than) the West Coast, in their mind's eye. So we were inviting, then, the national chairman—I don't remember his name right now, it will come back to me [Roger Stevens]—Chuck Mark, [and] the executive director of the American Arts Council [Ralph BURGART]. And, in addition, that we were seeking national consultants in music, visual arts, theater. . . .

JR: Dance.

AP: Dance. Yes. We had the beginning of a dance council here. We had the nucleus of a theater council here. And we asked these people to make recommendations. And names were flowing left and right, and, with the exception of perhaps one, they were all changed ultimately. We were supposed to share with the—what's your department here of community affairs? That's not the proper title. Barbara Furstenberg, you know her?

JR: Mm hmm.

AP: She's the director of what? Yeah, that department [i.e., College of Continuing Education and Community Service]. It will come back to me. Eddie Tangen did the initial negotiation (with) this department—a conference center, part of (the College of Continuing Education and Community Service)—that they would handle the administration of our conference. And that was (the) beginning of (our) relationship with the University [of Hawai'i] then.

We decided to have workshops (in all of the art forms), with the not (yet) completely clear aim—I had the kernel of an idea, that the input of the conference would form) our program—that we (would) find out, in as (comprehensive) a manner as possible so it's useful and without duplication, that we would have every geographic interest represented and every art form represented. And (if an area of interest was not covered, we would have to provide for it in the future), because we didn't have enough money. The state appropriated \$50,000. Half of it was supposed to be used for matching purposes of federal money. The federal government promised us \$37,500, but gave us, in the beginning, only half of that. [The total cost of the Governor's Conference on Culture and the Arts was \$53,066. SFCA paid \$24,428, the NEA paid \$22,638, the City and County of Honolulu paid \$4,000, and the state Department of Planning and Economic Development paid \$2,000.] So we had great difficulties and great ambitions. We wanted to—in recognition that (so many people in Hawai'i had no or only little experience with the many art forms), we wanted to (present outstanding examples) of all the art (activities by combining the governor's conference with a festival of the arts).

(That we wanted to feature) the crafts—ceramics especially—(was my influence, since I know of so much outstanding work in Hawai'i). But I also have seen a great deal of very fine craft of high standards (in other media). I felt that especially our ceramics, (since) Claude Horan (became a teacher at the UH), was first-rate. And at that time, we had already five or six of his students—they were very successful. We asked Hopper—I forgot his first name, it will come back—Bruce Hopper, a designer, a very brilliant designer, to take charge of the design of a crafts exhibition. We talked to the head of the art department of the university, who happened to be a ceramicist, to form a Hawai'i craftsmen's council. There was a National Craftsmen's Council (on the Mainland), which (served as) a pattern for us. So that Bruce Hopper would do the designing (of the exhibition), the placing, and would have ultimate control (over the selection of exhibits). He had the power to reject if he didn't like something or because it didn't fit. But the Hawai'i

Craftsmen was advisory and they had the know-how, they had the resources.

We spent almost all of our money on building, in the Blaisdell Center (exhibition hall next to the main arena, a little pavilion for Hawai'i crafts). It was not very large. But the choices (for exhibit) were in all the (craft media), not only ceramic but weaving, textile, Hawaiiana, woodcarving, all things. I can only say that was a first-rate show, way better than I dared to hope, partly because we had good people. We went all over the state—"we" means Bruce Hopper with the help of the arts councils—to get the material together. And Bruce is a first-rate designer, and he simply did a marvelous job in a shack.

We decided, also, to have—we had a dance council. And they originally wanted to invite the famous ballet dancer (Robert Helpmann), director (of) the Australian Ballet, to come here and to give lectures. What happened, however, is that a fairly new (American) ballet (company) which was launched in Europe, the Harkness Ballet Company, would be coming through Hawai'i. And we were able, with the help of our women chairpeople of the dance council, to establish contact with them and persuade them to stop here and give a series of performances, with almost no fee, (for Miss Harkness, a wealthy heiress, sponsored most of the performance). So, we had here [for] the very first time a (major) first-class ballet company here. We had never had one before. And it was a humdinger.

As far as the theater is concerned, we had two presentations. The East-West [Center] theater—the Kennedy Theatre—was just completed a relatively short time at that time. And we felt it would be useful to have the theater building and the facilities be featured, so that our people would know what can be done there and perhaps think in terms of programming. (Professor Edward) Langhans (from the UH drama department)—I think he was not the chairman, but was in charge of that (demonstration).

The Theatre for Youth was committed to—offered us the choice of one, two, or three plays, or any one thereof. We had negotiated with the Hawai'i Community Theatre, but nothing came of it. We didn't have room enough anyhow.

We established a program, a special program, for ethnic dance that was headed by Halla Huhm, H-U-H-M. She's still alive. A first-rate, world-famous Korean dancer. She is semi-retired, but her school still exists. And she was responsible not only for Korean dance but (to bring outstanding exponents in) Japanese, Chinese, and Hawaiian dance. These performances, I believe, were the high point (of the festival) as far as our Mainland guests were concerned. They had (never seen ethnic dances of such high caliber). At that time, there was (little) interest, really, in ethnic dance (in America). The Black movement didn't really start yet, and (the native American Indians had to dance only for themselves. Interest in the non-European ethnic dances had still to awaken. And Hawai'i played a leading role country wide.)

We had flower arrangement. . . . Well, and perhaps others I don't remember, but, again, it's listed, if you want to pick it up.



JR: May I ask you a question?

AP: As many as you like.

JR: You mentioned earlier that your Mainland counterparts on the East Coast thought very—well, they didn't think very highly of Hawai'i.

AP: Oh, they didn't know we existed. They didn't (realize) that we were a state.

JR: What do you think they expected of our arts when they arrived?

AP: I think they were reasonably well prepared at that time, because I—Pundy attended only one Mainland conference at that time, but I attended several. The national endowment tried to organize—and I had much to do with it. I believe, coming from Europe, I had greater affinity to working with government. And we (in Hawai'i) had a brand-new form of government, a state government which had strong (humanistic) undertones—the Burns administration. The sheer fact that we had a statewide system in everything and not a neighborhood or county educational system—we have a statewide educational system, statewide everything, so there was a much greater affinity to European planning and governing than to Mainland. I, at that time, had great enthusiasm and evidently was rather persuasive. And I (gained some interest in Hawai'i). And by the time they ultimately came to (the conference), they knew a great deal already about us.

We had good people (from the Mainland at the conference). So, when—I almost have the name now of the [NEA] chairman.

JR: Stevens? Was it Stevens?

AP: Yes. Roger Stevens—yes—who (was a successful Broadway) theater producer and real estate developer and a big shot in the Democratic party. He was fairly old at that time already. He suffered on the—jet lag when he came here. But he delivered a first-rate address. So when the conference—I may have to come back, because I'm jumping now to the conference.

There was not terribly much time between our preparation and the conference as such. We decided, at that time, to locate the conference both on the campus, at the [Honolulu] Academy [of Arts], and primarily at the Blaisdell Center. The meetings, as such, were held at the Blaisdell Center, at the meeting facilities, where the governor spoke, where the keynote addresses (were) delivered. The Theatre for Youth performed there—a Chinese opera [*Dragon of the Moon*]. . . .

We had originally fourteen subject matters (for the workshops). But we reduced (and concentrated them) to seven workshops, in which some of the, say, visual arts, environmental arts, [and] crafts were combined into one. There, with the help of our local chairpeople of our own councils—we were striving at that time, already, to form organizations in each art form and on each island. And we had the nucleus established. So we had then a mechanism for the workshops. The chairperson—we

didn't use that term at that time, yet—of a particular workshop theme was in charge, but could sub-organize whatever he or she wanted. An entire Saturday was dedicated to that, so that people had the opportunity not only to attend one type of workshop but there was time enough that they could go to another one and have time to really gain some (greater insight in Hawai'i's artistic potentials).

We planned it that the festival would coincide with the annual exhibition of the Artists of Hawai'i show at the (Honolulu) Academy of Arts. And the academy of arts—which was very (skeptical of government in the arts and), by the way, agreed (only to cooperate) with great reluctance and provided that we will not offer them any (state) funds or (give them) any credit therefore. They arranged for an exhibition of famous works of art done in [Hawai'i] or by Hawaiian people. Not modern, they were a little bit late nineteenth century, early twentieth century, but very good. There was a great deal of [this art] in private collections. But the public, in general, didn't know (them) because these houses were not open (to the general public). So both became very, very successful.

JR: Was the general public allowed to attend any of these workshops or were they . . .

AP: All of them.

JR: . . . by invitation?

AP: Anybody who was interested. They did not have to be members of an organization (or attend the conference).

JR: And how was the attendance?

AP: Not as great as we hoped. We had one public relations man, [but] he was less effective than we expected he would be. He was, at that time, the most popular public relations person we had here. And he was in charge of publicity.

Bruce Hopper did all the graphic work—he and his wife, Pegge Hopper, who is well known now. Bruce may not be even here in Hawai'i anymore. They got a divorce. Pegge is very successful. She was very good at that time. They collaborated very well at that time. So they did all the graphic work—the governor's invitation, the programs, all the handouts, you know. It was all designed, all first-rate.

We had two musical (offerings. For one), we arranged a festival of religious music, which included not only Catholic and Protestant but also Jewish and Mohammad music under the conductorship of the conductor, the choral director, of the [First United] Methodist Church in the [First United] Methodist Church, (which I had designed in my previous architectural practice and which was only recently completed. And for the other musical offering), George Barati, (the conductor of the Honolulu Symphony, presented) a composition, essentially for the festival, in the twelve-tone (system on an ancient Hawaiian theme). That scared (many) people.

JR: How did your Mainland guests leave—what was their impression when they left?

AP: May I come back to that? Because what I did not yet tell—I said that we would invite consultants. We had a consultant in every field except the theater consultant. The theater consultant was supposed to be Mr. [Abbott] Kaplan, who had a contract with the (College of Continuing Education and Community Service) to develop a program (of activities)—what they should do for the university, by the university, for the community, and with the community. And he was supposed to come here at that date, but had to postpone it. And he came later, so we got his report later.

But we did have June Wayne, a well-known craftswoman, as the consultant in visual arts. We had—my brain doesn't exist anymore. We had a consultant in music [Dr. Stanley Chapple of the University of Washington] and a consultant in dance [Dr. Alma Hawkins of UCLA]. And none of them were known to me, but they were recommended by our knowledgeable people. And we—of the alternates which were available, they made the choice.

These four people were supposed to [come to Hawai'i], but did not. There were only three who came here. And independent of us, not with us—that means Carman, Mark, Pundy, and myself, who went ahead of (the conference) to organize community arts councils (on all the islands) and to awaken the interest of local governments, not only to be interested but perhaps even to (help) fund the activities. And in the beginning, we had funding from the neighbor islands. We had funding from the O'ahu and Maui group. We had no funding from Kaua'i and no funding from the Big Island. But every bit helps. The important thing was to establish the contact.

These people, these three people, were supposed to develop, to visit all the islands—we funded that—interview people, gain an insight and an overview, and make a report to the conference, so that we had a neutral, knowledgeable viewpoint on our capacity.

As I said, to a certain extent the theater was less important, because we had some vocal people here. We knew, more or less, what existed—not very much, but we knew what existed. We did not know very much about the other arts on a statewide basis.

To answer your question directly—I want to be as honest as I can be, but I cannot say anything [other than] that they were enthusiastic. They were primarily enthusiastic about our ethnic dance. They had never seen anything like that. And the people we had were simply first-rate. They were great artists in their own way. All of the ethnic dances are religious in nature, so if I say that they were inspired, that was a religious inspiration as well. And that carried through. They were very good. They were very much impressed by the Japanese flower arrangement. They were very much impressed by that classical Hawaiian art show. They were less impressed by the modern art show at the academy of arts, which for a long time did not rise to a first-rate level.

We had a great—you could call it—credit rating with the National Endowment for

the Arts. I, personally, had much to do with that. I touched upon already the suspicion and the almost hostility of the various states in their relationship of the federal government. These things burst out and erupted into shout matches and into very disagreeable situations. And, again, I—because of my background and my preoccupation and inclination, I reconciled. I came up with proposals that we ought to collaborate, that we ought to listen to the federal government, see how we can work together. The federal government then committed itself not to dictate, that they will allow as much artistic freedom, administrative freedom, and as little bureaucracy as possible, although that meant very little. They themselves didn't know yet under what bureaucratic mandate they had to work. But in general, we were able, after two or three Mainland meetings, to pacify our (various) state representatives. We persuaded the national endowment and the arts council and the various local or state agencies to form what we called a National State Arts (Agencies) Organization, which later on—not at the beginning—was expanded into a national community arts council. That means that on one hand, we had now state agencies, sooner or later. . . . In time we had all—every state had an agency, except Nevada. They came very late. They got one, ultimately, too.

So there were state organizations now everywhere. And there were many private organizations. And we felt that, being in America, they should not die. And we established, then, a community arts council, which was never of great importance, however. The funding came from the national endowment. And as we, in an increasing way, became organized, they also got a foothold in Congress and support in Congress and got respectable funding, which grew every year. Every year the apportioned amount to each state grew. In my last year, we had \$275,000 national money for programs. It's way more now. [In fiscal year 1988-1989, the NEA contributed a total of \$428,950.]

Let me interrupt for a moment. I attended, yesterday, an arts selection meeting arranged by the state foundation, a program which I started under the Art in State Buildings program, which is now called the Art in Public Places (program). And at that time, we established a program in which we would be permitted to visit outstanding artists in the studio and not [have] to wait until we found something in an exhibition. [The SFCA is] mandated to make selections in the public eye. If we would go in a studio, we would not be in the public eye. So in order to protect ourselves, we decided that we would choose such artists, of such established reputation, that if we would go there and buy something, people wouldn't question it. Well, that [was] recently—that was after my time now—when the state foundation law was revised, actually (returning) to the original intent. And all the (constrictions and restrictions) imposed by lawyers, Legislative Reference Bureau, by the attorney general, and all these people—which, in an increasing way, just compressed us and squeezed us out—they were thrown away. The state foundation has way more money now.

We visited the studio, yesterday, of Bumpei Akaji. I don't know whether you are familiar with his name. He's an old-timer. He's about sixty-four years old [Akaji was born in 1921] and studied here in Hawai'i and grew up together with the other Japanese artists—Tadashi Sato, (Satoru Abe), and people like that. And he was

chosen first. There will be twenty-five in this coming year. They decided that they would establish amounts of such generosity that artists would not only be paid for the works of art but would have money as if they would have an outright study grant or travel grant, which we are not permitted to do. We bought [six] pieces for \$50,000. Unheard of. At prices---I can only tell you that I almost fainted. Of course, I faint when I go with my wife to the supermarket. I'm not accustomed to these prices. A sculpture, about six feet tall, very simple, beautiful, very powerful---\$20,000. A little one---\$10,000.

JR: I'm gonna stop right now and turn the tape over.

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

AP: Having come back now---having achieved, now, that conference and festival of the arts in September 1966---we, in a faithful way, tried to establish a plan, following the recommendations which were (made at the conference). And . . .

JR: If I could interrupt for a sec---just one second. It sounds as though the conference was a great success. Correct?

AP: Yes. Except it wasn't attended as well as we hoped it would be, simply because we had no mechanism to reach the people. Or if we reached them, they didn't know who we were or what the arts were.

JR: In consulting some of the newspapers from that period---from 1966---there was a [Honolulu] *Star Bulletin* article---an interview, actually, with June Wayne. And I'm going to quote her right now, and I'd like you to react to that, okay?

AP: I will keep my temper.

JR: She went so far as to say, "A state of cultural emergency exists in Hawai'i." Maybe you could explain what she meant by that.

AP: She's a woman of great energy, of enormous discipline and self-esteem. She is playing, in the West Coast, a major role---as you probably know---in the arts. She's respected. And she came here (to) an artistic desert. That's what (she) simply meant. The [Honolulu] Academy of Arts meant very little to her. She was a modern person with a social conscious[ness], and an institution which was done by the Big Five, for the Big Five, didn't impress her very much. And at that time, it (really) didn't deserve to (be called) anything else. There was hardly any Oriental membership there. If they were Chinese, none were Japanese, even in 1966. So this is, probably, what I would say she had in mind. Wherever she went, she talked to people who called themselves artists but were (mostly) amateurs. There were hardly---she may not have met them, you know. For instance, she did not



Tadashi Sato on Maui. He's so shy, he simply doesn't come out. And he was, at that time, (one of the few) respectable artists. I think that is what (she meant to criticize).

The music critic (Dr. Stanley Chapple) was a little bit better (pleased), because of our churches. There's great interest in choral work. And the schools, traditionally, were feeding the choral activities in the churches, so they had directors. All the music teachers were predominantly and primarily choral directors. And there they knew, more or less, what they were doing—oh, (perhaps) not excellent, but they at least knew what they were doing.

The visual art, I already mentioned, was a catastrophe. Let me just illustrate. The DOE [Department of Education] had (until recently) no coordination and no special supervision of either a music program or a visual arts program. Before our time, the academy of arts decided that they would, out of its private funds, establish an amount under which a person could be hired, who would become a visual arts coordinator. And they did the same thing in music. And they had a music teacher then who coordinated the work of the music teachers in the schools. So you had these two areas in which the schools were at least alive. They were functioning. There was no excellence yet, but the movement towards—the reaching out towards excellence you could already find, way from an end product, the end result.

They were talking, at that time already, about an annual scholastic art show, in which the best work of the students in every classroom, every school, would be sifted down to what they felt was the best, then, representing a school district. They came then and were exhibited.

So these activities existed. There were no statewide choral activities yet. But that was all. There was (almost) no theater activity (in the schools, except at McKinley High School). No dance activity, except hula. And that hula activity was not Hawaiian, that was hotel—what they had at that time—so the standards were very (low). We were—how did they call our university campus? Not flattering. And we weren't. I mean, our campus was created only in support of the sugar industry.

JR: Were you expecting that kind of reaction then?

AP: (No, but that's what) we asked for. Just imagine if (we, here), would say that. Nobody would (have) tolerated it.

JR: But if it was someone from the Mainland, a respected art professional. . . .

AP: Well, people who had a reputation, who came here and could (leave right afterwards), they didn't have to listen to the (reactions). All of that worked all right. That was intended. That was, more or less, the pattern we had at that time, that in order to be able to address our public on any level in a way which could be not completely flattering, we had to get outsiders who could run away afterwards. We knew that. We knew that.

I loved the theater when I came here. And I went to the first—at the very beginning, as soon as I could afford it—to a performance of the (Honolulu) Community Theatre. That was the last performance I've seen for years, because they were so (poor).

JR: Do you think the general public, the average Hawai'i citizen at that time, knew that the state of the arts was so poor that . . .

AP: They weren't interested. Most of the people didn't know that arts existed or had any value whatsoever. I still don't have the term which they had for our university, maybe because that covered everything else.

JR: But that—it was a negative term.

AP: It was a negative term, like manure or something.

We had a very low population. We had a (population with relatively little interest in poetry, serious theater, or a professional orchestra with paid musicians; an architectural environment) which was atrocious, with the exception of a group of buildings which were all built in the 1920s to 1930, just when we had a boom up to the crash. This is when the Alexander & Baldwin Building was built, the academy of arts, the Christian Science Church—decent buildings (that we are still proud of). They were done in that time span. Everything else was shabby, shoddy, cheap, below standard.

School design—which was handled by the counties and not by the state, although all the education appropriations came from the state—(seemed to have to satisfy the janitor, not the students, the teachers, or the parents). Our school design was so bad, when we got—after the war, in 1946—a small number of commissions, we had nobody to ask for (guidance)—what to do, how to teach, what equipment to use, and so forth. So we decided—we had no money—that we would form a school design council. And I was organizing it. I was, at that time, a member of the PTA [Parent Teacher Association] council. So it was the PTA involved, the DOE—DPI it was called at that time, Department of Public Instruction. We had a group of real estate people who served as statisticians. We didn't have any (professional) statisticians yet.

And we tried to find out how many school buildings we need, and what they should do, how, therefore, they would have to [be] designed, and, for heaven's sake, to establish a certain dignity of an environment for kids, in which kids will be, without preaching, (made to feel) that society cared for them, that they were important. We called, with all the justification, that all previous designs were instigated and done for the janitors. The only interest they had was how to maintain the school (with) the lowest possible (effort)—a (gray)-green paint, which could be slopped over again and again. It was (depressing).

When we formed that school design group—in which the AIA played a major role—we invited three Mainland architects, who were known through the

magazines to us to have done some modern schools, which we considered exciting and inspirational. [John Carl] Warnecke was one of them. We came to the Stevenson [Intermediate] School—that's the one across the street of Roosevelt High School. And it was Warnecke at that time, he said, "For heaven's sake, who did that junk?" There was a stairway directly at the corner of the intersection.

And that architect—unnamed as far as I'm concerned—was right there [and] heard. (When) somebody—I don't remember—couldn't help but look at him when that shattering criticism came, he said, "Look, I had to do it this way. If I would do a beautiful school, they would accuse me of spending too much money. I would have never gotten another job." And that was the truth. That was the (general) attitude.

Now, I could spin out on the school design, because it was very interesting, but . . .

JR: Maybe we should get back to the . . .

AP: Another time, yeah.

JR: . . . conference. I think you were going to . . .

AP: In that file which I brought, there's our very first report. It's a copy. It refers to our report to the governor. We made a report to the governor on the conference. This is the first plan, which we developed within that very limited funds available, and what we learned. . . . So that may be of interest to you.

We followed it. We did what we could. I don't know whether Carl Wolz, the name, means anything to you. He was at the university, a part of the theater department in charge of dance. (He was the chairman of the Hawai'i State Dance Council, advisory to the SFCA.) And he was the most experienced (and dedicated) person in dance. He has seen a lot. He had contact and friends on the Mainland. He's now in Hong Kong, and he's heading a major dance institution there in the public sector. At the conference, he, hammering at the table, insisted that we establish (a \$3,500) fund for a major conference on Hawaiian dance and music in order to restore Hawaiian dance to its original intent, beauty, (and spirit). Well, we didn't have that money. I'll come to that later. We did it ultimately, but with money which we didn't expect. That was one major indirect lesson we learned at the conference.

The other one, which was shattering in its originality—a group of women, all of them from Maui, said, "Art in the schools is fine. So they learn a little bit how to paint, how a little bit to draw. But what is really needed is (that) kids would be exposed to artists, to the people, to their personalities, to their thinking, their feeling, (their products and productions)." We never thought of that before, that art education is not (supposed) to develop little artists—usually little dilettantes—but to expose our total (future) citizenry, regardless of (their) background or what age or income group, to experience, (to appreciate), and to be inspired by (the arts) and shaped by it and influenced by (them, not only to their aesthetics but also to their ethical power). That was a new message.

We, out of that, developed not the customary term "art education." We called it "arts in education," because we wanted to (aim not only to skill development but to learn to do, play, work on whatever, until the children themselves enjoy their accomplishments and do the same for mathematics or the sciences). We couldn't do anything about it at that time. At that time already, however, there was a specialist in visual art and a music specialist, as I explained. I only explained that the visual artist was funded by the academy of arts. The music specialist was funded by the symphony, not by government, at the beginning—later on, yes.

The art in education activity—we had no funds here. Oh, I'm sorry. No, there was an activity here which was of great affinity to the program. It was the—called [the Hawai'i] Curriculum Center. And that was headed by. . . . Well, our contact there was Leon Burton—Dr. Leon Burton, a musician—but the head man, I knew him very well. The name will come back [Arthur King]. So we established contact with them. That curriculum center was co-funded by the Department of Education and by the College of Education and was seated at the Castle School. It still is. There were two people attending the conference. One was Leon Burton—Dr. Leon Burton—and the other was Ray Okimoto—Dr. Ray Okimoto now. Leon Burton played bass fiddle at the symphony, traveled a lot, an educated person. I don't know what his educational background really was. When I met him, he was already in the leadership position, in charge of the music program of the curriculum center. They had, at that time, an experimental program on Moloka'i, in which they tried to establish on Moloka'i certain musical activities there, with people from the outside coming in where necessary. And we were able to co-fund that to a certain extent. And I traveled to Moloka'i together with Leon Burton. This is (where) I met Ray Okimoto. And that was the beginning of the much broader Arts in Education program.

I was elected, because of my negotiations between the states and the national endowment, on the first board of the National Assembly of State Arts Agencies [NASAA]. And that gave me a platform to work towards a national Artists-in-the-Schools program. The national endowment turned it down. They said, "We have so little money. Let the Department of Education do it. They have more money." That had some truth to it, but not all, because the education program is a bureaucratic program. You can say whatever you like. The arts program is supposed to be a program of freedom, in which people, as individuals, would have elbow room to do what they felt they ought to do. So my great hope was that the national endowment would accept it. It took until the national endowment established a (permanent) funding program for Arts in Education.

(The seed from which the Arts in Education program grew was planted in) the Rockefeller report [*The Performing Arts: Problems and Prospects*, issued in March 1965], on which the (entire) development of the national endowment was based. (It began with the recognition that America's dance companies were almost bankrupt. To save) the various outstanding dance programs and dance personalities we had in the United States, there wasn't enough money, and there was no precedent yet to give them outright grant money—the national endowment didn't operate yet. So what they decided (then) is to establish dance activities in schools (and have) the

famous dancers here go into the schools to dance for (and with) little kids (and to pay them for it). That was the (primary) interest the national endowment had, in an incidental way, in the schools, (simply) because they didn't have a way how to fund the dance companies outright. They did that later on.

(Because of) the mandate we had from the Maui women—(we were really) impressed by it—(and because I had the floor at every) meeting of the National Assembly for State Arts Agencies (to develop the ideas for) the Art in Education program—(and the friends I had therefore at) the National Endowment for the Arts—a position (was established). Funds, where available, could be used for (arts in) education. (In the meanwhile, in the Kennedy Center for Performing Arts an Alliance for Arts Education with independent funding was created.)

When I could not attend anymore the meetings of the national assembly (because of a shortage of travel funds) and when I had to therefore resign from the (steering) committee (of the assembly) was exactly the year when the national endowment accepted the Artists-in-the-Schools program on a permanent basis as an established program, not only as an experimental program, as they did before.

When I retired [in 1980], I then made it my point to organize a broader support organization for the Artists-in-the-Schools (program). And we created the (Hawai'i) Alliance for Arts in Education, which is still existing (and) which I chaired for two sessions. And because I really needed to retire, they let me retire and made me a permanent member (of its board). So I'm (an honorary) permanent member (of) the board.

Did I confuse you completely?

JR: No, no, no.

AP: Oh, you're smart. You're a good man. Where do we go from here now?

JR: Well, there was one point that I think we skipped over. It's not your fault, I just neglected to bring it up. But the Green Turtle Restaurant, the Green Turtle . . .

AP: Oh yes.

JR: . . . meetings. Do you have any recollections on that?

AP: Yes, oh yes. The Green Turtle group was (so) called because we simply met at the Green Turtle Restaurant. It (consisted of the nucleus of the Hawai'i Arts Council), an informal group which I called together in order to prepare for the state foundation. When I wrote the bill for the state foundation, I had to (have authentic input and support from Hawai'i's art) community. (It also helped plan) for the governor's conference (in the fall of 1966, meetings which were regularly attended by Pundy Yokouchi and frequently by Reuel Denny and Eddie Tangen).

The title (Hawai'i Arts Council was soon) changed, because we wanted to have the



neighbor islands participating. But the neighbor islands prudently didn't want to, because they would be eaten up by O'ahu. They did not want to have organizations which would be statewide, because they would be simply dominated by O'ahu. We organized then on each island at least one neighbor island arts council. We have two on Maui, one on Moloka'i, one on Lāna'i. We had, for a while, three on the Big Island. I believe there are only two now—they have been consolidated. And we have only one on O'ahu.

As far as the Green Turtle name, it was simply an amusing name because we met there. And that was abandoned afterwards officially and changed to O'ahu Community Arts Council, so that the people here were clearly told, "You are not on the state level, you are O'ahu. And only when you work together with the people on the Big Island and the neighbor islands, then you all become a part of a state organization." But you will find out more if you bother (and continue) to read through (this interim report that I gave you).

I think what I need to say now, however, is that the state foundation was established (temporarily in 1965) for a period of four years on an experimental basis. After four years, we were supposed to make a report. And they would decide [whether] we'd continue or be abandoned. During these four years we were under the administrative supervision of the governor—not him in person, but the governor's office. And when the first three or four years were over, nobody really paid too much attention to it. We all thought now we have to make our report, which we did, which went to the governor and to the legislature, and that we would have to submit our courtesy resignation and be reappointed or not, which we also did.

Of all the members, only Mrs. Cades did not want to be reappointed. I'm very fond of Mrs. Cades. We are very close personal friends. I respect her (very much). But she belongs to a different world. She was the one who warned us against government interference with the arts. I suspect—she never said that, because we are too close—that she felt that we were too much involved already in the arts. We never dictated anything, but we administered, we stimulated. We had to become active and (had to be) aggressive, because nothing would have happened otherwise. So she was the only one who did not wish to be reappointed. Otherwise, all of them not only were reappointed—(actually) they were not even reappointed. A ruling has been made that because we were only (established) on an experimental basis (for) the four years [1965-1969], that the first four (official) years (were to) start (in 1970).

There was one very interesting clause in that original establishment in which we were not only supposed to investigate and check and study the working of the foundation and how to improve it, but (to incorporate any additional) program area (we found desirable. We added then) the Art in State Buildings program (now called the Art in Public Places program). I think I (should tell) you a little bit about (its) origin here.

(When I chaired the beautification) committee of the chamber of commerce—(before

I became state planning coordinator—we were working on guidelines for the improvement of our urban and natural environment. [At one of these meetings, Edward) “Mick” Brownlee, the sculptor, (proposed a) clause that the state shall grace all public places with sculpture and works of art. (It was his word “grace” which) somehow stuck in my mind. And I thought, what is really stopping us from having a broad art program (for the acquisition and commissioning of works of art to be placed in, on, or at state buildings where they could be seen by the public)? If we (could) have an art program (for) which (enough) money (could) be generated, we would create the incentive, at least, for an art market (in Hawai‘i). If not an art market, there would (at least) be an incentive (created) for people to take art more seriously and not simply as a recreational affair. And being an architect, (I know) that if you want plumbing fixtures (for a building), you put an allowance for plumbing fixtures in the contract sum (which would most likely be only a small part of the entire contract cost—almost invisible, but not deductible). And you can do it that way. So I was trying to find a way how we could get (such) a lump sum established for the commissioning and acquisition of works of art. And this is the way I came up with (the idea to include) 1 percent (of the capital improvement cost and to set it aside for such a program.) With Pundy Yokouchi’s help and the blessing of the Department of Accounting and General Services, we obtained the governor’s approval to introduce it as a governor’s bill.) I drafted (a short form bill for it. We) organized the political support. The (supporters) were so enthusiastic that the legislators almost threw us out, because they wanted the state foundation to be responsible and not to be pushed around by, quote, starry-eyed architects and artists.

JR: Was there any program like this anywhere in the country, on any level, that you were aware of at that time [1967]?

AP: No. There were private purchases, museums, but nowhere—no state arts agency had anything like that. (The federal government however appropriated funds for works of art in embassies in foreign countries.) The sheer fact that I came up [with] the idea to have an integral amount in the construction sum (is a marvel to me). I’m (eternally) grateful that I had it.

(There was a) debate whether (the amount) should be half a percent or 1 percent. (But) we prevailed with 1 percent. I (demonstrated), verbally, that the bidding process (for) any construction bid (shows almost always a) vastly greater (differential) span than 1 percent (between) the lowest to the highest bid. So in a way, to have 1 percent a part of it, you will (be covered by this differential, even when there is no outside control).

So we had a program, then, in which the idea was that the state would simply appropriate—set aside, that was the term—1 percent of all appropriations for all construction. We expected and thought that would become a lump sum, a pool, into which one would plan and from which one would, according to a plan, then draw funds. I didn’t spell it out. Our attorneys started to fiddle, and fiddle, and fiddle with the law.

They ("found") that works of art could only go into new buildings (and) not into (existing) state buildings, because they wanted to tie the appropriation for the work of art directly into the (current) appropriations for the building, which would expire in five years. So any appropriation could have 1 percent included, but if (the amount) would not be used up (within the five years) it would die. We expected to be free to transfer amounts which are not needed from one project to other projects. That they left in, but reluctantly. The whole thing was really a pain. I can only say that my own (conviction) didn't permit me to give up. I just (had to see) it through. But more than that, (to succeed) a great deal of luck was (needed).

We (had on our) staff a young man (Ron Yamakawa). He graduated in art education. And he became then an assistant in (the Art in State Buildings) program. He's heading it now. (He gained the confidence of some members of the staff of the Department of Accounting and General Services to have the act for this program rewritten and restored to its original intent. This occurred recently, after my retirement from the SFCA. He deserves much credit for this important change, as does, I am fairly certain, the fact that Pundy Yokouchi was reappointed commissioner in 1984.)

JR: Could we just stop here for a second . . .

AP: Sure.

JR: . . . and I have to turn the tape over.

END OF SIDE TWO

TAPE NO. 20-10-3-90; SIDE ONE

JR: I wanted to ask you—before we get too ahead of ourselves—about Governor Burns and the 1 percent law.

AP: Before we introduced the bill for the 1 percent law—that wasn't the official title—we went to the governor, through channels, to get his blessing. And he did. (When he agreed to have it introduced) as an administration bill (it meant) that he expressed his personal (approval) for it. So we had his total support in that area. He was helpful not only because he liked what we were doing but he had a personal and political link to Pundy Yokouchi. They were personal friends and political friends. Pundy, to a certain extent, represented the governor's interest on the island of Maui, especially in the Japanese community. And so we had here a double whammy of interest, which did not always help us, because by that time the honeymoon (in the Democratic party began) to fizzle.

(We) always tried to (work the SFCA program) in an apolitical (and a bi-political) manner. Many times (we had) more support from the Republicans than from the Democrats. We simply (presented) the whole thing as a matter of community

interest and a community mandate and not a particular partisan preference. (Sometimes political rivalries between Pundy and others entered, and often I was substituted for him. But more often) Pundy saved my life. Since I was (much) identified with that program, they called me a czar, naturally. (It was not meant as a compliment.)

JR: That's right.

AP: (Czar) means a dictator. And that implied, also, a certain one-sidedness. And they always felt that I was one-sided towards the Burns branch. I may—perhaps should—have done it that way, but I never saw it. I always saw my responsibility to be statewide, independent of who the people were. Again, I come back. Pundy did an irreplaceable job to intercept, interfere, and (reconcile) to save my scalp again and again. That means (I could) have (been) sacrificed easily for their own rivalries sake, but Pundy had the weight, the skill, and the charm to ameliorate these things, and to deflect them, and to dissolve them. And he really had clout. I have seen him in a situation which a then very powerful Democrat on the other side—in which he just stopped him cold, by his grim face and grim voice. He had that ability, (integrity, and strength). And I—without question, I wouldn't have survived without him (for fourteen years. His knowledge of the arts and their social importance grew immensely. He was elected to serve on boards of the Honolulu Symphony, the Honolulu Academy of Arts, and other institutions. He became an important community arts leader. At present he initiated and is leading a movement to create on Maui a center for all the arts, and he was reappointed to the board of the SFCA after having served for twelve years.)

JR: What was your relationship with the governor like during these years?

AP: I think I mentioned it earlier to you, that I had direct, official entrance to the governor. But I chose, at that time—by instinct rather than by insight—that I should not (bypass) the planning director, that I would, without doubt, run sooner rather than later into a conflict with him. So I made it a point to work only through the planning director. When I became director of the state foundation that changed, because Pundy had complete confidence in me and left almost all the programming up to me (except when issues of a political nature arose or a personal judgement was required).

I was rather outspoken. And there were some (actions) of some departments I (disapproved of), especially where (they) had to do with the environment. I mentioned it before, again and again I was called to the governor's office—not to the governor, but to the administrative assistant, whoever that was at that time—and with gentle voice [the administrative assistant] tried to dissuade me from my bad manners, pleading with me that I ought to be more tactful.

JR: But did that work?

AP: It did. Yeah, it did. I also mentioned that—but that was earlier, only when I was state planning coordinator—that Frank Skrivanek did the same thing. He had

influence. He had way more experience and much more savvy (than I had). And as a planner, he (was) less passionate (than) I was as an architect. And he (too) saved my skin many times.

JR: One of the criticisms of you—one of the main ones, I think, that the legislature, especially, had—was that you essentially made the decisions. And the board simply gave their okay to a decision that you had already made.

AP: That is true and not true. I never brought (anything) before the board in form of a decision. I made a proposal—which almost always came to us from artists and meetings I had attended—and they accepted it, not always, but in most cases. (And they were always discussed.) The reason for that (was a matter of time. Our agendas were always longer than we had time, even when we held more than one monthly meeting.) In an increasing way, I was better informed than they were. I simply knew what the people wanted, what they asked for. I did not (raise these issues) in isolation. And I did not do these things because (they) pleased me. I was genuinely interested to develop a program for the people.

I would like to come to—if it's all right in your timing—to the time when we ceased to be under the governor's administration, and we were assigned to another department. I was asked, at that time, and I said, "Let's be under the comptroller, because we have to work with him in the 1 percent program. Anyway, all the money really comes from there, so why not?" (The administration) didn't see it that way. They put us under budget and finance. And at that time, the Department of Budget and Finance was headed by a man who was (simply not interested in our program, only in administrative discipline—difficult when working with artists. He was also somewhat of a martinet.)

He assigned a man—a bone-dry bureaucrat—to handle our programs. And he must have given him some other instructions too, because his attitude was not normally (severe). He was negative, prohibitive, to the point that he (interfered in everything we hoped) to do. I tried everything I could do, I mean, to change his mind. What he wanted, that [for] every single (activity), regardless how small, we (had to) write a total program description, not only from a fiscal standpoint but from (an administrative) standpoint, from a social standpoint. Now, we had (more than) a hundred different program (activities to support). It was impossible. (We had, at this time, one secretary and one clerk typist—nobody versed in art activities, the receptivity of the public, or the scope of the program requirements we had learned about at the governor's conference.)

Oh, I didn't tell you that. I started out with the state foundation without anybody. And then we had one girl [Elizabeth Matsumoto]. And it turned out that she (had a good understanding of the artists and their interests). So I had for years only one person in the state foundation.

JR: That always seemed like a struggle—that and your budget. How do you think things may have turned out differently if you had been given a few more positions or . . .



AP: I could have been more efficient. I could have done more. Pundy, for instance, criticized me. He said he felt that I was a very good inventor, initiator, planner, but I was a lousy administrator. I never (really) knew what he meant. (Our program activities were still in the experimental stage, depending much on input of artists and the hoped-for arts consumer before freezing them.)

I come back now to my good friend in the Department of Budget and Finance. Finally, I was able to come up with an idea—and maybe I tired him out, so that he finally gave in, I don't know, or he was persuaded—in which I said, "Why don't we make a statewide program, a systematic program, that in each subject area we (would) proceed [in] the same manner, that (our) programs (would be divided in groups of activities, such as) presenting exhibitions or performances, (where we would encourage) artists to become better (and aim) to elevate and to develop the taste, (understanding, and love) for the arts in the public. If we come up with a program area and it falls, in general, in that category for which we have—3A or 3B, or whatever it is—(and you will have) to judge it only from that standpoint, (that it satisfies the particular activity and not always the whole program." This was accepted.) Finally, I had a breakthrough. But even (then it) was an enormous amount of work (without having staff with the special experience we needed and that had to be trained).

Something else (has) happened. Originally, we wrote the state foundation to include history—not only arts (but also) the humanities (as the national endowment did). (But) that was changed, (as) I told you before. During the legislative (approval) process (for the entire program), the term "humanities" (was changed) into "culture." And I liked [the change], and Pundy liked, and the board liked. But we had no program now for the humanities, (including) history.

There was a (separate) Hawai'i Committee for the Humanities [HCH] established [in 1972], because the national endowment was established for an endowment on the arts and an endowment for the humanities. But they [i.e., HCH] had a different approach. They chose community organizations—organizations anchored in the community—and they handled their programs directly, (with) direct funding from the National Endowment for Humanities. We established contact with them, but they didn't really know how they could work with us. And we didn't either. They had a totally different approach.

We were asked at that time by a group of [state] senators to come (to a meeting) to answer questions about our program. And the area of the humanities was raised. And the upshot of that meeting was that we (were asked to write) another bill to create a State Foundation on History and the Humanities, which would have (been) qualified to handle funds directly (from the endowment) or through the Hawai'i Committee [for the Humanities]. But our activity would be, in a similar way, a stimulative activity, that we would try to further interest and activities in the humanities, where[as] the committee is simply (responsive to outside requests). As a matter of fact, after I retired from the state foundation (we) got (from the humanities several) grants for the AIA and for (architectural and environmental) programs. But it's simply a different approach. So the legislature then (passed a)

bill for that (which I had drafted). The governor approved of it and made it an administration bill. And we had then a parallel organization, to which I was appointed to (serve ex-officio).

Let me go back a little bit now, at the risk of confusing you completely. (President Lyndon B.) Johnson came up with a major poverty program and invited every state—no, mandated every state—to establish—how was that called? A poverty program. Under that poverty program, he established the idea for a Model Cities program. That was a part of it. Originally, the intention was that the people would become involved in the design of homes and housing. But under the pressure of the, already at that time, very active Black movement, it became more cultural—or more general social. (The program was to be initiated and implemented locally by the City and County of Honolulu.) The man who (was in charge of the programs) was a minister [Robert Loveless] with whom I was closely befriended and helped very much. He had a weekly radio program primarily involved in the environment and used me very much as a source of information and ideas. When I read that he's in charge of the Model Cities program, I wanted to find out whether they have one for culture and the arts.

"No."

"Couldn't we?"

"I don't know." He said, "How would you go about it?"

I said, "Let me think about it. I'll come up with a program."

He said, "No, don't come to me, (go) to Bill Cook. Bill Cook is writing the (plan for the Model Cities) program."

I knew Bill Cook [the *Honolulu Advertiser's* planning writer], so I went to him, and he said, "Fine. Write it."

JR: Is this prior to Honolulu applying? Was Honolulu already accepted as a model city or was this more in the planning and . . .

AP: That was prior to establishing a Honolulu involvement . . .

JR: Okay.

AP: . . . in Model Cities.

JR: Okay.

AP: And there we fell into a totally new bureaucracy, except that that man [i.e., Loveless] was a humanist, and sympathetic and a friend, so it was not overwhelming. But there were things we had to do their way.

"Well," I asked, "couldn't we have a culture and arts program?"

And he said, "Write it," which I did. And it was approved.

So we were the only state in the United States with a Model Cities culture and arts program, with the exception of the city of Seattle. But they were involved only in the restoration or the remodeling of physical facilities for activities. So wherever they had an unused barn or hall, they found money or got money to make it usable for local community activities.

(There were two program areas under consideration. One was to be) Kalihi-Pālana, which was (one of) the poorest areas (in our city), in which we would try to face that problem of poverty and the consequences thereof in a most direct way. And the other one was Nānākuli-Wai'anae, where we had a very strong concentration of Hawaiian (and Samoan) people.

(We started with a proposal, made as the result of the Governor's Conference on Culture and the Arts, which was extraordinarily suitable. You may remember that Carl Wolz), who was the director of dance at the university, (demanded) with the fists on the table (that we initiate) a Hawaiian (dance) program. (We proposed to use funding under the Model Cities program) to bring Hawaiian cultural activities (to Nānākuli-Wai'anae and to bring this original vitality and dignity back to them. The committee, composed entirely of elected members of the community, was under Hawaiian leadership. Its chairperson was Mrs. Hoaliku Drake, and their staff member, her sister, Mrs. Agnes Cope.)

I had to travel always to Wai'anae at that time and persuaded them to make this their primary program. They were completely agreeable—enthusiastic, as a matter of fact. So we were permitted to use then funds from Model Cities to establish an initial organizational workshop in Hawaiian dance, in which the idea to restore the purity (and importance) of the Hawaiian dance would be the ultimate goal.

Through my wife and her friendship with a Hawaiian dancer, I was able to (persuade Iolani Luahine), the most prominent Hawaiian dancer, to cooperate and to lend her presence, personality, (and leadership to the idea of a workshop). You probably are familiar with her name. My wife is a dancer, and she was interested and danced with her. They became befriended. There was a [Honolulu] Academy [of Arts] presentation of Iolani and Lokalia Montgomery, and my wife introduced me to them and we became friends (and) Iolani said yes.

And there we established then, at the Nānākuli Elementary School on a Saturday, a full day get-together in which—with the help of (Hoaliku Drake), Aggie Cope, Iolani Luahine, and Barbara Mill[s], who was the wife of the president of the Hawaiian Civic Club—we were able to reach out and (to) get leaders of the most promising (and respected) *hālaus*, people who were (dedicated to restore) the Hawaiian essence of the Hawaiian dance, to (dance and to teach).

Iolani was sitting on a platform, like (on) a throne. She was sitting there and in a

benign way smiled, and talked and chatted (with) the people, but did not (directly) participate in the (teaching). She didn't have to, her presence was enough.

Each *hālau* then had it's own workshop, which was open to the general public, which was predominantly Hawaiian, of course. And so that was the first major activity which reached out from their intimate, almost secretive, *hālau* into the community.

We invited the dance specialist of the National Endowment for the Arts to come, to participate and sit in. We were interested that they would know (about the cultural treasures we possessed and, perhaps, to encourage similar activities in native Indians). She came (to see) Iolani Luahine and Lokalia Montgomery (dance. We planned for an evening in authentic Hawaiian dance on) the evening before our workshop. (This was arranged to be held at) the auditorium of Farrington High School (involving the participation of the Kalihi-Pālama Model Cities culture and arts program).

JR: Okay.

AP: Yeah, okay. The program was up to them. They decided, because that woman from the national endowment was there—and we told them, of course—that they wanted to do something special. Some of the dances would be the secret dances, the *kapu* dances. The entire blessing, dressing, beginning ceremony was *kapu*. How do you do that and have it open (at the same time) to the public? It was Hoaliku Drake—I don't remember whose idea it was (for a solution), it was not mine. The people I invited (in the name of the Model Cities program), they will come, then we are locking the doors of the auditorium and nobody else is going to be permitted to come in. So it is, therefore, sacred. And it was, even to me—and I've seen at that time already a lot of Hawaiian dance—shaking. The depth of feeling, it was almost overpowering. And it was an enormous success.

It was so persuasive that that evening alone (assured the establishment of the) State Council on Hawaiian Dance, [as] we called it. We started to have meetings at the Bishop Museum and did all the organizational work there and had a program—had partly Model Cities' money, had state money, and got a special grant of the federal national endowment, largely because we had that woman (from the endowment) sitting in. She had seen that there really (was)—oh, more than that.

The national endowment—I think I mentioned that already to you, that they had a special program in dance which they supported via the schools. (Its national administrator) was Charles Reinhardt. He was the head of an agency, not only for the national endowment, but he simply had his hand in all dance activities, of New York anyway. He and two people from his office came out to Hawai'i to review—to audition, so to say—and to talk to potential dancers, to see whether they could accept (ethnic dances as part of their) bona fide dance program. They were only interested in contemporary dance [prior to this]. And that was simply a breakthrough to them, a deviation. They accepted it. And they arranged for

performances at the Smithsonian [Institution], a performance at the east wing of the national museum, (places) like that. And we had people (going) from Hawai'i there performing and, without exception, reaping fantastic applause. Our Hawaiian people were invited by the [American] Indians to participate. And to a certain extent there was, and still are, major exchanges. The Indians were ahead politically. We were way ahead culturally, through that organization.

JR: Just stop for one second.

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

AP: As an outcrop of the workshop, and the performance, and the creation of the council for Hawaiian dance, we established—and we had the collaboration then of the [Hawai'i] Curriculum Center and of a new television program in Hawai'i Public Television—and had a—I think it was once a month, one Saturday devoted—program similar to the one in Nānākuli. But that was (held) at Kamehameha Schools. And that went on for several years, in a fairly systematic way. We only helped them, and we saw to it that it was done. And they established then a greater discipline in the *kumu*—the main teacher, so-called the master teacher—idea. At that time we had, oh, many teachers, but they were teaching just the Hollywood type and the Waikīkī type of Hawaiian dance. That was covered then by public television. Out of that grew the program the. . . I had a good nights sleep. I don't know what's the matter with me.

(Laughter)

JR: Are you thinking of "Spectrum [Hawai'i]" or . . .

AP: Yeah "Spectrum," (a wonderful program) which was established after I (had retired from) the state foundation, to my chagrin. I worked for such a long time, (and) we had (too little) money, and we were the captives of our own (experimentation) plan. When Sarah Richards took over, she had more elbow room. She dropped certain program areas and was able to get that money and give it to "Spectrum" people and to the public radio, which we wanted to do, but we couldn't find—we were simply bound to the program.

JR: In addition to the Hawaiian dance, I know that in the Model Cities the SFCA had a hand in many other cultural activities, say, Okinawans, Filipinos . . .

AP: The Wai'anae-Nānākuli [area] was dominantly Hawaiian. They had, later on, a Samoan program, and we supported that. And out of the Samoan program grew a Tongan program, stimulated by the Samoan people themselves, and that was available in both areas, but primarily seated in Kalihi. But we felt obligated, under our plan and program, to serve all the ethnic groups and had to establish, since we



had so little money, a set of priorities. So we gave the first priority to the Hawaiian and to the Filipinos. The argument—the Hawaiian people (were losing) their culture, (and) the Filipinos are in the process of losing it. And many of them were not really involved in cultural activities (when they were still) in the Philippines. But we felt it was very important. We had a sizable Filipino population at that time. So we started supporting the Hawaiian program and the Filipino program, at the same time. The Filipino program became more important in Kalihi. And the Hawaiian program, and later on the Samoan program, in Wai'anae-Nānākuli. That's the way it stayed.

The Kalihi people also evolved a Portuguese program (with SFCA support). Wendell Silva became the director of the Kalihi-Pālama Model Cities (Culture and Arts) Program. He was (very much) interested in Hawaiian dance. He attracted George Naope from the Big Island—George Naope was the creator of the Merrie Monarch Festival—to become dance teacher in Kalihi. Wendell is part Portuguese (I believe). We depended on the advice of the Portuguese people, as we would have done anyway. Through them we became aware that Wendell would be particularly interested. And he was. So Wendell then established a Portuguese program there.

(Chinese and Japanese cultural activities were very well supported by their own ethnic organizations.) We felt that (they took very good) care of themselves. So they had a (lower) priority, although their influence was much greater than the influence of the other (groups). We began having a Korean program, established in the similar manner, (in a) similar pattern. They (too)—after our state plan—(held) workshop activities in order to improve the quality of the performer (and offered) exposure (to) the kids, exposure (to) the public to it. So the same pattern lent itself—adjusted, however, to the particular culture—to all the other groups.

We were very successful on Maui with the Filipino program. We were more successful on the Big Island with the Hawaiian program. We were very successful with the Hawaiian program on Moloka'i. And so forth. These things varied according to the interests of the public, which we wanted to generate and try to generate, but we were more successful in one area than in others.

JR: How successful do you think the Model Cities experiments were?

AP: To whom? To us or to them?

JR: To both.

AP: To us, overwhelming. We learned, with all (our)—how should I say—social sympathies, you know, that (we) knew nothing, really, about poor people. (We) had no idea, you know, how they think, how they feel.

I was the architect for the First (United) Methodist Church. And there I (discovered) a great affinity between art and religion. As a [matter of] fact, I felt art (may become the backbone of) the religion of the future. That's the way I put it (then). The minister was not only not offended but very much interested and said,

"Do something about it." So I established a series, a whole-year series, of Sunday school (lectures) for adults. And I had [George] Barati, (Reuel Denny, a poet and writer, and other people prominent in the arts) coming there and make a presentation in (their) particular art forms. I conducted the discussion, trying to ferret out the essence where an art form comes close to a religious dedication. Why did I say that now?

JR: We were talking about the success of the Model Cities program, in your eyes.

AP: Yeah, I know now. One man, (a member of the lecture participants, with whom) I became befriended, was a very prominent Samoan [Vai Ala'ilima]. That young man at that time was a chief. He and a big, (powerful) Samoan [Fui'atua Fau'olo] became the co-chairmen of the Kalihi-Pālana Model Cities Culture and Arts Program. I mentioned earlier that they had their own bureaucracy. They called us the supply side, and they called them[selves] the program side. That means their intention was that the will, the wish, the desire for a particular subject matter would stem and come directly out of the community. And it would be our (role) to help them to do it and to bring the necessary help. We did that.

One day I had a phone call (from the Samoan chief)—and I don't remember his name now, and I should because we were so close—that he has trouble. He has a committee which is composed of people of all races. They elected him and—I can't remember, I'm sorry—the other Samoan as co-chairmen. And they (argued) about the meaning of the word culture and what culture is and (does). They (felt that they) knew what art meant, but they had no idea what culture meant.

So he called me and (asked me to their next meeting to) explain to them what culture is. Well, I (said I would try. And I cited the law which established the SFCA, which defined culture as the arts, traditions, mores, and customs of the ethnic people of Hawai'i. This meeting was attended, in addition to) these two Samoans, (by) three or four Hawaiians. There were at least three or four Filipinos there. There was (also) one Korean (former schoolteacher) there, and she was the (most articulate) and the most demanding in that group. They really wanted a much broader program. (There was some anxiety that the pending program would not be multi-cultural, but dominated by) a Samoan program—yes, (there should be one), but only one. They wanted all of them.

In our conversation, I found out that (many of them had) no idea what (the various art forms consisted of). The only dance (form, for example), they knew (of) was ethnic dance, their own ethnic dance. They never heard of ballet or of modern dance, never of theater. We talked about that and decided then that we ought to bring samples of such activities there (to find) how they (would) respond. Maybe they like it, maybe they don't. If they don't, we don't do anything about it. If they like, we will do more.

There's a church on Liliha Street near King Street [Aldersgate United Methodist Church]. It was predominantly Samoan at that time. This is where we had our meetings. And there we established a program, with Model Cities money, in which

we had a variety of, say, theatrical performances, as an example. We had comedies by [Neil] Simon. And we had a serious (and difficult play), *Endgame*. . . .

JR: [Samuel] Beckett.

AP: There was a [Jean-Paul] Sartre play (*No Exit*) in which people (who had) died watched the earth (and the people they left there) from the heavens. Very well done.

Well, we had two plays, as an example. The one which was supposed to be amusing and light and easy and accessible was called *The Star-Spangled Girl*—a comedy, a farce, which went over very well. But that play by Sartre shook them. It was done (better). And we came to the (astonishing) conclusion that there's really more interest in (intellectually stimulating) plays of (more human) appeal than *The Star-Spangled Girl* was directly aiming at—(something they could see at the movies or on television and was more a part of) Western culture. That (proved to be) true in dance and every (other art form). So we learned not only about the (interests) of the people but we learned (at the same time) how to (work) with them, how to talk to them, how to (win) their confidence, how to want them to work with us, how to shed their fears and prejudices. This is why I've said that (it was us who) gained enormously (more than they).

I cannot speak about, for instance, Sarah Richards. Sarah Richards did not (go through this important learning) experience. (There was no) Model Cities (Culture and Arts Program) anymore. That was gone. The program was established for three-and-a-half years (only. But) the current director. . . .

JR: Wendell.

AP: Wendell (Silva). He was a Model Cities man. He went through the same experience we did. So I expect him to approach the (future SFCA) activities to the extent that he has (enough) elbow room and flexibility to (re-emphasize local, ethnic activities), where Sarah's influence (and strength was more) in the Western culture, Western music program. And bless her. But we need (both). Wendell (being from the local background and with Model Cities experience) will probably pursue a state foundation program with a (greater) social (awareness), with a (deeper) sense of obligation to satisfy (the) people, regardless of (their) ethnic background, educational background, (or) income (group). He will be better able to balance the needs of Hawai'i's insular population.

JR: In the early years, the state foundation was involved in a number of seemingly—well, they were very interesting programs that maybe you wouldn't immediately associate with a culture and arts organization, such as the Model Cities. Another one was a planning study, an environmental planning study. [In December 1966, the SFCA received a \$50,000 grant from the National Council for the Arts to administer a statewide Environmental Urban Design Study.]

AP: That (originated) from totally different sources.

JR: Yes.

AP: I mentioned earlier that I was (involved) in the formation of the O'ahu Development Conference [ODC]. And I was a (charter) member there (and participated until its dissolution). I was befriended with Aaron Levine, (whom I admired. He) applied for a national endowment grant to do a (waterfront) study (of Honolulu). He wanted to (explore means and techniques to alter) our harbor into a more exciting and pleasant human environment. There were two top architects, at that time, (board members of) the national endowment. Both of them knew Hawai'i (very well). They turned (the application) down and said, "Yes, we think Hawai'i ought to get something, but (this is) much too narrow. What Hawai'i ought to do ought to be (done) for all of Hawai'i, (not only Honolulu. What Hawai'i needs are planning ideas and policies to protect Hawai'i's beauty against massive urbanization caused by tourism. The study should) open eyes and open vistas."

And Aaron came back to me and said, "Look, what can we do?"

I said, "Are you game? Why don't we make (this into a statewide environmental study. The SFCA may co-sponsor it, and your waterfront idea will be) part of it."

(He said yes, and the SFCA conceived to look into the idea further.)

Aaron Levine and I developed (an outline) program which we (forwarded to Washington. I was invited to Washington to meet with NEA chairman Roger Stevens and his two architect commissioners, William Pereira and Minoru Yamasaki. He had me limousined with him to Princeton University to talk with Robert Geddes, whom he wanted to collaborate with our local consultants and two other Mainland consultants named by the Hawai'i group.)

They wanted (a study) for every island. So we (prepared) one O'ahu program, the ODC (waterfront) program. We had two programs on the Big Island. We commissioned George Walters—he's dead now, Julie Walters is his successor, a bright, intelligent, creative landscape architect—to develop the destroyed part of Hilo into something attractive. Basically the entire Hilo waterfront—you see, I can't remember even the name now of that, not typhoon [or] earthquake, [but] tsunami. The effect, the catastrophe [of the 1960 tsunami], which was there.

Walter Collins of, at that time, Belt, Collins [and Associates]—Walter Collins also is dead—got the job on West Hawai'i. They needed a highway to link Kailua-Kona with the north areas, Kohala, and so forth. And I (suggested) a program idea—and they accepted it—that we would choose a highway which would become a medium to enjoy, (explore, and experience) the visual environment. That means (while) you are driving (your view is directed towards) something which the designer (chose) is worth looking at, you're (driving towards) it, and (when) you turn (you) look at (another vista). Stuff like that. To (hope for) a highway which could (float or hover) over the lava flows without (breaking) them. Stuff like that, ideas like that. Well, that was Collins' *kuleana*.

Don Wolbrink, who is by far (Hawai'i's) most experienced planner, had (the) Kaua'i project. And he did that in a marvelous way, with great depth of research, anchored entirely in the sugar and pineapple, but particularly sugar, industry there. And he made a very, very wonderful program. He found a graphic designer of genius, who was able to make little pencil or colored pencil sketches to illustrate the ideas.

We had (Ty Sutton of John Carl) Warnecke who was commissioned to do a Maui (study). On Maui, we had a single plan. It was Wailuku. It was the old town, how to preserve it. It's the government center. How to plan (the development of the) government center. How to integrate (it), link (it to) Kahului, how to (approach) Lahaina. That was his task. I think that's what it (is), anyhow.

JR: Whatever became of those studies? And what impact did they have?

AP: Okay. The impact was not as broad as I would have hoped. We succeeded only in one area to get it directly translated into the planning process. And that was Walter Collins' highway. That highway had to be built. And the Department of Transportation agreed and cooperated in the selection of—I don't even know that term now—the channel in which the highway goes. They adopted the idea of the direction of vistas, of the preservation of particular natural features, in this case, the lava primarily. That was done, not 100 percent because we did not have direct control. It was too big a machine, millions of dollars [were] involved, a multiplicity of contractors. So everything had to go through the Department of Transportation. And they did what they could. They compromised where they wanted to. At no place, for instance, did we have what I hoped for, that our highway would be somewhat elevated over the lava to create the impression that it's a bridge going over the lava. Although it would have been sitting there—but by overlapping on both sides, create the impression that it's floating. That was not done, nowhere. They did, instead of that, shoulders which were landscaped with bougainvillea, which helped. But it was not featuring the environmental character of the area. It featured what the climate permitted and was favorable to—dry, hot, and so forth—good for bougainvillea.

The (current) Wailuku plan included a great deal—and still does—(of) our plan. The street arrangement, the circulation pattern, the grouping of government buildings. Where the county building would be—they didn't have one yet—where the state building would be, where the court building would ultimately be—which was (built) after I left. So that had influence on it. Again, not in a precise way, but I (had already learned) that planning is (too slow), that planning is always (overtaken by enterprise) because planning is (too) complex—mandated and obligated by (the planners') own ethics to consider all the details, which are so time consuming, in order to be responsible, scientifically—that events (get) ahead of (the plans most of the time. All too often), when the time that the money (is) appropriated, they're already in the construction. Only a slight exaggeration. So there are many things which we could not do.

I was particularly enamored with the East Hawai'i program. Again, (an old



conversation with)—I touched upon him, his name was Bill Mullahey, who helped me with the airport design for Hart Wood, who (once saw me) help him to establish some features to attract tourists (on) Pan American [World Airways] airplanes (to stop) in Hilo. (I proposed then to showcase Hilo's flower industry.) I had that in mind (for) the George Walters plan. (In the meanwhile), we had that enormous devastation (caused by the tsunami and the enactment of) a law which set aside (along the waterfront up to) the first twenty feet in height to be free of buildings. Nothing could be built anymore there, and they still stick with it.

So, the idea at that time (was)—Hilo's famous for its flowers, the flower growing. Why don't we make the entire waterfront essentially a display and an exhibit and commercial outlets for flowers? The development of that waste twenty feet area has been done fairly much according to the plan. There's (the) visitor center (and the tsunami memorial), a major work of art. And some of the landscaping has been (installed). Others have been neglected. The traffic along the waterfront (follows the plan). Some of the (designated) areas which are picturesque have been (developed). What has not been done is the integration of the flower growers' industry into the waterfront. We had it in mind that there would be a series of shops—flower shops, nursery shops, nursery displays—and all planned in such a way that it is not only practical and, from a commercial standpoint, feasible but also attractive. They didn't do that.

The mayor at that time [Shunichi Kimura] was very much interested in what we did. He attended every one of the meetings there. And after the meeting, because usually they had an eruption (near) the Volcano House, he took (us) with his chauffeur-driven limousine up (there), and we were there until one or two in the morning just watching. So I had my fill, a wonderful time.

They all had some effects. Now, the real effect (was that this) group of planners who had never worked together (are now) working together, that we (experienced working with) famous and influential Mainland consultants, people of weight, who influenced, (expanded, and raised the standards) of our local planners. And that, in an invisible way, so to say, had its effect.

JR: Let's take a short break.

END OF SIDE TWO

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AP: Although the whole was done under the national endowment now and under state foundation—and it became an environmental design project under the state foundation program—I still had all my linkages and connections from my work as state planning coordinator. So (we were) able to get substantial sums from (local sources to match the \$50,000 grant from the national endowment).

(We got money from the Department of Transportation for the Kailua-Kona parkway study.) We got money from the Department of Land and Natural Resources. We (obtained funds) from the county of Maui for the development of Wailuku. (But) we got very little money, because they didn't have any, from Kaua'i. Although there, I believe that some of the big companies gave the county some money to give us. So not only was it a matter of money but of cooperation, of an interaction, a working closely together in which we were permitted to stimulate each other and learn from each other. Each of us had different approaches to these things. If I would not have stayed with the government—if I would have quit there—I would have not gone back into architecture, as such. I would have gone into planning. And I would have had, I think, a substantial career.

And that was not the only experience, but that was really the apotheosis of it, you know, to work (with people) on a national level, with national people (such as Garrett Eckbo from Berkeley, Allen Tempko from San Francisco). These people were our advisors. They came here, we came to them. I certainly learned enormously much from them. And I think our colleagues did, too.

JR: Given your background, it seems fairly natural for the SFCA to get involved in an environmental planning study. Was this something that was occurring in any of the other states, especially with regard to their art agencies?

AP: Yes. Yes. But we were, from a time standpoint, ahead here. Seattle, for instance—Seattle had the good luck to get a, in this case, city art director who had a very similar approach to mine. And I had a wonderful time with him. He did an enormous amount of work in Seattle. He was instrumental in having the waterfront developed, having the old (town) center restored and have many, many activities there. In fact, I was five, six, seven times there to give talks to art groups in the state of Washington because of him. But I know of that case where, on a city level, a great deal of work was done.

We had collaboration with San Francisco. But there, the San Francisco people, they looked at us the way the East Coast people look at San Francisco. The Berkeley people, with whom I worked a great deal when I was state planning coordinator—I did a great a great deal of recruiting in Berkeley—top people, big people, economists, and planners, and stuff like that—because I got involved in that very early (in the) game.

By the way, (in this connection I had) my first encounter with a community (arts) movement. I had to see one (professor), a Berkeley man. He attended, at that time, a meeting of the San Francisco Arts Council in a hotel. I said, "Okay, I'll go there. I will wait for you." And I sat there. I met him. It was the first time I (attended a major community arts meeting, not knowing that this would become my future mission in Hawai'i).

JR: At the time that the SFCA was really growing, so was the tourism industry in Hawai'i. Would you care to comment on any connection there might be . . .

AP: (Except for the major environmental and urban design study already mentioned), the only linkage (I) had with the tourist industry was really an indirect one, a negative one. (I always hoped to help) create a Hawaiian cultural climate which is authentic and genuine and not the way the tourist (industry) did it. I attended some meetings of the AIA and meetings of the Waikiki Improvement Association, simply because I was personally interested, professionally interested, but not (yet) in the name or in the interest of the state foundation.

The [Hawai'i] Visitors Bureau had programs, all kinds of programs. None of them were cultural programs. There was nothing done in order to expose our tourists, or interest our tourists, or entertain our tourists with art activities which would be available and interesting—or interestingly available—in Hawai'i. Bob Griffing, who was at that time director of the academy of arts, George Barati, who was the symphony director, and I invited us—and got invited then—to become a sub-committee of the visitors bureau. And there we tried to establish a funding system in which, for instance, in addition to Aloha Week—and at my time they developed the billfish tournament on the Big Island, which I supported and worked with, but had no particular interest in—we hoped to get other activities.

For instance, we wanted—in conjunction with the Aloha Week and the parade, we wanted to get better design, better performances, more authentic performances. We didn't get very far. I must say that the people in the visitors bureau weren't interested. As a matter of fact, they had a very cynical attitude. They said the people who want to come there are interested in the weather, the beach, and in girls. They aren't interested in theater or music. And they were right. They still are. I think that the interest of tourists—people who come here, they don't come here to share in our cultural life. There's no place in the United States from which they could come that they could feel that we have something superior to offer, I'm sorry to say. Now we do—Merrie Monarch [Festival].

Let me tell you about Merrie Monarch. Merrie Monarch grew out of its own. There was a Hawaiian dance teacher in Hilo, (then not yet) very respected in the community. But he developed a friendship with the director of recreation of the county (parks department). And somehow these two people, together, wanted to establish a similar program we had—and we supported it at that time—to improve Hawaiian dance. [George] Naope, himself, was a cherished dance teacher. They developed out of that a program in which they hoped to have an impact, Merrie Monarch, which was handled à la King Kalākaua, you know, the period in which—in the European fashion, which was imitated by Kalākaua—people were more interested in the flesh of the dancer than in the art of the dancer. That was not developed at the Merrie Monarch Festival. But they grew in quality.

They had one outstanding dancer there. Her name is (Edith Kanaka'ole). She's dead now. Her daughters are still there (continuing her work). When we worked on the development of a statewide program in Hawaiian culture beyond dance, we felt that dance alone is not going to be culturally effective (without an equal emphasis on the Hawaiian *mele*, Hawai'i's poetry). So we felt that you cannot really develop an understanding for Hawaiian dance unless you know what the music meant and

[what] the words behind meant. We wanted then to develop a Hawaiian language program, which we worked on.

That Edith (Kanakanā'ole), she was honored and respected in Hilo and got a position in the Hilo Community College as teacher. When we wanted to develop a language program on the Big Island, I was going there to look for people who were recommended to me by (our) Council (on Hawaiian Heritage) to interest whether they would be willing to participate. I hit on that Edith and found (in her) a stunning personality—younger at that time, way more disciplined than Iolani was.

So our program, which basically failed. . . . They couldn't really find enough people who still knew Hawaiian, especially Hawaiian *mele*, the poetry of the Hawaiian. That meanwhile has been picked up by the University of Hawai'i, and it's very successful, and there's nothing missing anymore.

But all these influences nourished the Merrie Monarch program. We had really not much to do with it. They needed no money from us, until one day they (did). (If) we could provide them \$5,000, (it) would have saved the program for them at that particular time. It's not a very large sum, but for (our budget) it was a large sum.

(We) had to have a leverage. (We) couldn't just give it to them. We had no precedent to support (such a) program before (without getting something of cultural and artistic value for the people of Hawai'i in return). So (it occurred to me that), if the Hawaiian culture is a living culture (and not a dead one), then it ought to have a future and not only a past. To what extent would the Hawaiian people support an effort to (creatively) evolve (and develop) Hawaiian dance? As it would in a living culture, it would undoubtedly change. So we said, "Look, you have the next Merrie Monarch Festival that ends at night. The people stay overnight there, because it ends late at night. Couldn't we have a breakfast meeting there (the morning) after the festival? And the subject matter would be (the living) development of Hawaiian dance and Hawaiian culture (as other living cultures grow). To what extent would the Hawaiian people tolerate a creative evolution into a direction which is not mandated and controlled under the formalism of the classical Hawaiian dancing, if you want to call it that way?"

A fascinating meeting. The discussions were alive, were serious, sincere, and they turned it down. We did our job. We helped them with the \$5,000. They discussed it, but they voted against it. So be it. To my joy and surprise, that was the turning point. (From the next year, they introduced male dancers and very advanced choreography.) The other thing is that they got a building, a park building—named after that Edith [Edith Kananā'ole Tennis Stadium]—which gave them, for the first time now, a showplace, a forum, and a stage for an effective performance. This primarily, together with that exciting session we had about the creative development of a culture, changed the entire Merrie Monarch Festival.

(The) male dance groups emphasized—as it would be [in] a modern dance company—the athletic, physical powers and (vitality) of the Hawaiian dancer. That was also done for female dancers. (From then on) the Merrie Monarch Festival

became, in my opinion, an event of superior cultural significance. And, to a certain extent, it not only (nourishes our own people culturally) and strengthens them but it (offers) our visitors (an attraction of the highest quality, unmatched anywhere). This, in an indirect way, I'd credit the state foundation for, because the idea of looking at the Hawaiian culture as a living, (growing) culture which (will) grow into an unknown future, that was our contribution.

JR: This might be a good place to stop.

AP: What?

JR: This might be a good place to stop today. It's getting . . .

AP: Boy, what a bad day I had.

END OF INTERVIEW



Tape No. 20-12-4-90 and 20-13-4-90

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with

Alfred Preis (AP)

August 1, 1990

Honolulu, O'ahu

BY: Joe Rossi (JR)

JR: This is the continuation of an interview with Alfred Preis, conducted August 1, 1990, on the University of Hawai'i campus. The interviewer is Joe Rossi.

I wanted to ask you about one point that came up in an earlier interview that I did with Pundy Yokouchi. We asked him about the Art in State Buildings law and its origins. And he seemed to remember a federal law which allowed—it wasn't mandatory now, but it allowed for a one-quarter of 1 percent allowance for art in federal buildings. Do you know anything about that law?

AP: No, I don't. The only law which existed was for embassies, that means for buildings in foreign countries for our state department. And, to my best of knowledge, they had half a percent allowed (but not mandated).

JR: Okay. Over the years, the Art in State Buildings law brought in a lot of funds for the acquisition or commissioning of artworks. The legislature and others were critical of the management of this program sometimes. How do you think you were able to manage it with the staff that you had at the early years and then throughout your tenure?

AP: Well first, nobody ever told me that they were not satisfied. If I wasn't satisfied—we didn't have enough people, we were not able to relocate works. The fundamental idea was to create a museum without walls, so to say, in which we would acquire works of art and disperse them statewide into state buildings, for which we hoped to get volunteer help of the local arts council. To a certain extent, that was possible. It was not possible to expect these women to carry that stuff, to drive trucks, and so forth. And there we had no money. And we couldn't get any money. We had no staff. When we started with the program we had no person to help, except me, on that program. Afterwards, we got one person. They have now five or six. And they have Ron Yamakawa, who came in under me. And I recognized his particular talent, which was—his particular talent was to have entrance to the local people. He was able to talk about things I couldn't. They simply accepted him as an equal. They didn't do that to me—my accent, stuff like that. I don't know.

JR: A lot was made, at least in the local newspapers, about some of the acquisitions that were made under this Art in State Buildings law. The painting *Maybe Blue* and . . .

AP: That was not done under that program. That was done before. For that, we set aside a certain amount out of our visual arts program with the intention, simply, to stimulate discussions. The Art in State Buildings law didn't exist yet. [*Maybe Blue* was purchased in November 1967, after the Art in State Buildings law was passed but prior to its implementation.] And there, when I heard about it—we got an invitation—I thought, “God, we cannot afford not to go. They will think that we are scared.”

We knew it was an exhibition of minimalist paintings. And we had, in general, not very much confidence that—with some exceptions—that the people would accept it. That was held at the news center, news building—later on, Contemporary Arts Center—and it was a one-man show. Jim Rosen was the artist. And there were minimalist paintings. I first talked to Pundy, and then I talked to some individual (board) members to find out how they would respond. I told them that, in my opinion, that will be controversial, that we cannot really win. “If we buy something, we will be criticized by the public. If we don't buy something, we'll be criticized by the artists. But we have to take a stand.”

“Where?”

“We have to face it. We cannot afford, really, you know, to duck it.” And that is the way it was done. Every member showed up. And we were sitting on these very uncomfortable leather upholstered benches, and spent two or three hours and decided on one painting. We had very little money. And if I recall correctly, it cost \$600.

JR: Yeah. I think that's correct.

AP: The issue then was that this is a painting which will be unpopular. Every creative act is unpopular. There's a certain time lag which is required for any creative action to be understood, and to be accepted, and then to be used. That may take a long, long time. But we have to start, and we did.

There was a newspaper woman [Barbara Milz of the *Honolulu Advertiser*] who worked in the building and saw it, of course, immediately—before I did, I guess. And I got a phone call that I should come over fast. “I'm very nearby. I'll be there in a few minutes.” Which I was. She had microphones set up. And she phoned every legislator and all kinds of people to come in and to scandalize the whole thing. She was outraged.

That was fairly much still in our honeymoon with Burns and the administration. The old guard of the Burns politicians came. And without exception, they said, “Look, don't ask me. I don't know. We appointed these people. That's their business. If they wanted to buy it, they have the right to do so. If you have

questions, ask them. Don't ask me." Something in that way, but very sympathetic. And in general, they dampened the whole, you know, anger and the fury. And nothing happened.

JR: How many works were you purchasing before the [Art in State Buildings law]? I wasn't aware that there was purchases. . . .

AP: The first one.

JR: That was the first one? Was this one of just a handful that were purchased before the . . .

AP: Yes, we had very little money. We had a certain amount set aside for visual arts. And out of that, we set aside something for acquisition. At that time, we didn't even dream about, yet, that we would come up with a special program. But we felt that that is something we have to learn and have to become involved in.

JR: Where are these works to be displayed?

AP: They were displayed in state buildings, usually in the capitol first. At that time, we didn't have a capitol yet. I really (don't remember) anymore. They were shown in Downtown state buildings. And from there they went to other places.

But I mentioned that because---the paint was so thick, built up, that it cracked. We had it restored twice. And then, I think, it's simply, not restored, but stored. But not because it's controversial, but because it was simply cracked. And here, we cannot blame him. That was a fairly new art experience for him, too. And we didn't have anybody really who could give him tips.

JR: That raises an interesting issue, and that's the maintenance of the Art in State Buildings collection.

AP: Technically, we had the authority to maintain them, and the obligation. Money---we had no money. We originally felt---and that is the way the bill was drafted, by me---it was our intention that there would be unassigned money. That means that 1 percent of the construction sum would be simply set aside for art. And out of that, we could spend whatever we would be authorized to spend, including maintenance, including transportation. That was inhibited to the point that I can say there was a direct attempt to sabotage the program. And that was done by the attorney general's office. Impossible for me to say whether there was any higher-up behind it. We suffered basically under the narrow-mindedness of the deputy attorney general assigned to the Department of Accounting and General Services, which was written into the law on purpose. They had to spend the money, they had to keep the books. We were very glad not to have to do it, we thought. We lost on every account. We had to keep the books and we had to---we really suffered. There was never any money for maintenance. It took years until we could repaint a sculpture. Things like that. And that, without exception, has been changed under Ron Yamakawa. I spoke, during all the time Sarah had difficulties, with her, (but)

I had most contact with Ron Yamakawa.

(Sarah Richards, my successor, is) a well-educated, well-mannered person, essentially the manners of society, which is not necessarily assurance that she would be popular. I had never any difficulties with her. I had not much contact. I was not directly involved in her hiring. I did not wish to be a part of it, except when she phoned me, or wrote a letter to me, I believe, asking whether I would willing to give her some information on the state foundation. I checked with the chairwoman at that time [Beatrice Ranis]. She had no objections, so I did that. And I was as frank as possible as I could be. She was afraid of political influence. And I told her what I knew, not much, because we didn't have much political influence. . . . Where we come to the next—one of the next subjects.

JR: Maybe we can get back to Sarah Richards' tenure in a minute. But I wanted to get to some of the earlier events before that. A couple times during your tenure the legislature threatened to cut the 1 percent funds and, in one case, eliminate the SFCA altogether. How did you react to that?

AP: You know more than I do.

JR: Well, in 1973, I think it was [Senator] Duke Kawasaki who [was] threatening the SFCA. And in 1976, I think Donald Ching, another senator, a Democratic senator, was also threatening, you know, the SFCA. [In 1973, Representative Tony Kunimura called for a review of the SFCA art acquisition process. In 1976, Ching introduced a bill to abolish the SFCA and the Art in State Buildings program. In 1977, Kawasaki introduced a bill to reduce the Art in State Buildings allocation from 1 percent to one-fourth of 1 percent. None of the above measures were successful.]

AP: Both were Democrats?

JR: Yeah.

AP: Both are anti-Burns Democrats.

JR: Did you ever see the foundation really threatened by any of this?

AP: Yes. There were two---we really had only three incidents. The one was *Maybe Blue*, in which the legislature was not officially involved, but only as they testified because they were invited [by the press]. And there, without exception, they acted as I described—very proper, very friendly, very supportive. There were two people who were against us, or me—that's difficult to say, because I stood there for the state foundation. Whether they were irritated by my own accent, or mannerism, or my arrogance, or my—I'm quoting now—glibness—[according to] Duke Kawasaki—I cannot say. That wasn't the point.

Duke Kawasaki, without question, was politically motivated. He was an anti-Burns Democrat and therefore [because he was a Democrat] befriended with Pundy. But

Pundy was pro-Burns, and they were at loggerheads many, many times. . . . Basically, what Duke was after was not so much me, but Burns. He wanted to halve the [1 percent] amount.

And there's something else which I need to say, because that weaves into it, that is the reason why we created an Arts Council of Hawai'i. When we were moved administratively [from the governor's office] to [the Department of] Budget and Finance [in 1970], we were informed in writing that we were not permitted to testify without budget and finance. It had to go through budget and finance. Now, budget and finance was also the agency which basically—they were our administrators. They were the only agency which (could) defend us, if they wished to do so. And in the beginning, they did not wish to do so. That changed under Mrs. [Eileen] Anderson completely. [Anderson was director of the Department of Budget and Finance from 1974 to 1980.] The only way we could overcome that now [i.e., prior to Anderson] was to have a private body to testify for us. And we had an organization before.

The Green Turtle Group [and] the O'ahu [Community Arts] Council, to a certain extent, were the same people, but by that time [1977] there were way more people. And the question was whether they would be willing to attend a meeting which was called by Kawasaki, at a very short notice, in the auditorium of the capitol, the new capitol already. It was full. Everybody testified that the 1 percent is untouchable. Duke got so angry and so frustrated that he burst out and said, "Everybody says the same thing here." And he had to give up and give in. The whole thing was dropped.

He, himself, spoke many, many times to me, trying to convince me that he loves the arts, that he himself is an artist—he plays the saxophone—and so forth. I talked to Pundy about it, and Pundy said, "That's possible, but it's of no importance to you. You work for the state foundation. For whatever reason," he said, "he doesn't like the state foundation. You have to face it and accept it." So that is the way it was.

But after that major defeat for Kawasaki—there were attempts before, by him, to cut the whole thing—nothing happened to anyone. The only other incidents I know of—and do I know about it—was Tony Kunimura. Tony Kunimura?

JR: Yeah, that's right.

AP: Yeah. I will describe the symptoms first. When I was to testify for the state foundation, he came out, sat down, and pretended to fall asleep, and was not saying a word. When I was through, without a word he walked out. And we knew that whatever he could do was negative. And he tried to do. Now there was a reason, there was a reason for it. A politician—not before election, but after the election—is all-powerful and all-unforgiving. There were two incidents. In one we failed, and we hurt him or hurt his intention to help us.

At the very beginning, with the 1 percent program, we established a work of art in



every county, to have one erected in or at every state building. Before, under my previous position, I was able to get the county and the state (buildings to be built on adjacent locations to form the nucleus of) a government center. We tried, at that time---we had no experience yet. We decided that we are going to commission three artists---three (local) sculptors---and to choose those who have, quote, the best reputation, generally [at] the [Honolulu] Academy [of Arts] and so forth. We commissioned [Edward] Brownlee to do a work in Hilo, Bumpei Akaji on Maui, and [for Kaua'i] a woman artist [Gwen Lux] (originally) from New York (but) living in Hawai'i---married to a well-known architect---who did a major work at the Rockefeller Center. And we thought, well, that's enough of an introduction. We really had nobody (else) yet to do anything of that caliber.

She was a modernist of the inhuman kind, if that term means anything. So she came with a model. We had very little room at the state building. The state building was surrounded by parking and had only something of a (grassy) peninsula near the entrance, where we wanted to place it. And we had a major committee there of Kaua'i artists or---we had a Kaua'i arts council there, and they helped us, supported it. When the work of art [*Synergy*] was placed---and I didn't know what about that---the parking lot was increased and the peninsula was decreased. So it was on a sliver of grass surrounded by (plain) asphalt and was a catastrophe. I didn't like it, regardless where it would have been, really. It was arid, you know, uninspired. Competent (technically, but without warmth and human appeal. But it was approved by the committee, although they didn't really like it. Tony Kunimura and his wife, a talented artist, didn't like it, we learned in time.)

Years later, we had the opportunity to relocate it, to place it (at a better location) at the Kaua'i Community Correctional [Center], where it stands now. It reads very well from the highway or close up. And we changed the setting, the base somewhat---same idea, but a little bit less concrete and (much more) landscaping. And it's still there, and no trouble (anymore).

The real trouble with Tony (began). . . . [In 1967] I had a phone call from Kaua'i, that they had (arranged) an art exhibition where the community---the business people---gave a great number of awards [Hanalei Art Festival]. But the juror got ill, Jean Charlot, [at the] last moment. It was a Friday call. On Sunday was the show. I got to help them. "What do you want? Do you want me to come?"

"No, no, not you. Not you, somebody (on the outside)."

Some of my critics called me the czar, which implied that they thought that I'm dictatorial. I really had no---I talked a lot, true. And I had to push a lot. But I didn't do anything without authorization, ever.

What happened---I called the chairman of the art department of the university, whom I knew, and said, "Look, we have trouble. Could you find (a juror) who would be willing to come out to Kaua'i on that short notice?"

He said, "Yes." Called me back on Saturday night or something. He couldn't find anybody, but he won't let me down. He will go himself—Jim Rosen, the same Jim Rosen [who painted *Maybe Blue*].

I had no trepidation, no feeling that there would be anything wrong. He (was experienced, had authority, and went) to Kaua'i with simply the duty to do a good job, meaning that (he would follow his best, professional judgement). That's what he did.

JR: He gave no awards.

AP: Almost none, including the wife of Kunimura. [Of nine prizes to be awarded, Rosen authorized only two.] She was an artist—good—known to me, but I never put her together with him. I didn't know that they were linked. I found out, later on. That was the end. He never talked to me again.

I talked to Pundy about that. And Pundy said, "Look, if you want me to, I'll talk to him."

I said, "Let me try. Let me try to do such a perfect job with the Kaua'i group that there will be support in whatever we are doing. We simply can't afford to have a failure." And that's what we did.

And I must say, for (Kunimura), that at one of the meetings, fairly late in the game, he stood up in front of (the house Finance Committee) and said, "As you know, I gave Preis a hard time up to now. I really didn't think that what he's doing was worth anything," or something like that. "But I had to change my mind. I think the state foundation is first-rate and Preis is doing a marvelous job," or something like that. That's the only applause I ever got at the legislature.

(Laughter)

JR: Can we take a short break and we'll continue.

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

AP: Pundy must have intercepted many of these things without even telling me. Pundy, himself, complained that he thinks that I'm full of ideas, and good ideas, and I know a lot, but I'm not a good administrator. I could never get out of him what he (meant). How can I administer without help? And in addition to that, that wasn't my job yet. My job was really to experiment and to establish something which has never existed before, which is a trial and error affair. And we knew that from the governor's conference on, when we tried to (find) a plan (and a method). Also, (it may be that some people were) afraid of me, but they didn't tell me because they

liked me. They didn't want to hurt my feelings. They told my wife, but nobody told me, with the exception of Pundy. And what I already told you—I knew nothing about Donald Ching, and I knew nothing about [Senator Stanley] Hara. [In 1977, Hara opposed abolishing the SFCA, but favored repealing the 1 percent Art in State Buildings fund.]

The only crisis we had in which the foundation was endangered was [due] to Kawasaki—to my knowledge—and I told you about that.

JR: In 1976, there was an audit published of the state foundation. Could you tell me a little bit about, maybe, the origins of that audit and the kind of impact it may have had on how you handled things?

AP: As far as I know, there was a routine, that every agency is going through that. And in general, nobody gets praised, and they have criticism.

Pundy, at that time, stayed after a meeting, or something like that, and talked about that. And he said, "Fred, there you've got to be very careful. I don't want that you argue with him. I don't want that you defend the state foundation. Listen to them and say, 'Okay, we'll do it.'" That's what I did. And that's what he basically did.

The criticism was never detailed. It had to do with lack of administration. And again, nobody acknowledged the fact that we had no staff. Now, in hindsight, I could say it was my fault. I could have insisted on more staff. With Pundy on my side, I probably would have gotten some. I never did. Why? I can't tell you. I don't know. I simply felt—well, I felt like a sucker, anyway, from the beginning on. I accepted a salary which was a fraction of what I needed to live on. And even when Pundy pleaded with me, you know, to leave the governor's [planning coordinator] position and to become the [SFCA] director, a natural [opportunity] in which I could have asked for a raise, I didn't. And I didn't ever ask for help. I worked day and night. In hindsight, I think I was wrong. I should have, not only for my sake, but for the sake of the state foundation. I'm pretty sure I could have gotten somebody. If you talk to Liz [i.e., Elizabeth Matsumoto], you'll find out how many years she was alone, nobody else, working like hell.

JR: That audit that I was mentioning earlier, I think one of the main recommendations that it had was that the board should be more involved in the decisions that the foundation made, that you simply made the decisions and the board went along with your decisions. After that audit, did you notice any change in the way that decisions were made?

AP: No. No. This is partly true, but primarily, we had an enormous agenda. Many of the activities I prepared in discussion with individual members, those who were particularly interested in a particular area. So that I at least would have that person be able to speak—pro, con, raise points, or emphasize things—which in general was done. But there was hardly any time for discussion.

There were some criticisms of which I was aware of. Reuel Denny and the ILWU man—the ILWU man whose name I don't remember right now.

JR: Tangen, Eddie Tangen.

AP: Yeah, Eddie Tangen. Both personal friends of mine. Most of the people I knew either directly or indirectly. And I had generally very good relationships with all of them. They were irritated with me in the preparation of the [Governor's] Conference [on Culture and the Arts], in which I asked that the one, Eddie Tangen, ought to take care of the visual arts and Reuel Denny of the performing arts.

There, if there was any lack of communication, it was on their part. I didn't know what they were doing. I didn't know how much they were doing or if they were doing anything. And the time was marching on. Everything I did, I did with the board involved. They were members, they were there. They complained once—to me, because we're friends, not in an angry way—that, "Here, you appointed me to do the job, and you are doing it all by yourself," something like that. To a certain extent that was true. We had a deadline. We had Mainland people to come. And I felt, unless I do it, it (may not) be done.

So, yes, I think there may have been complaints. How many unspoken-of frustrations, that's (very) difficult to say. I don't know. I was really very busy. And I did my level best to work in a democratic manner, to work with my board members, either with the entire board present or with each of them in their own particular category of expertise. With the exception of when my retirement approached, when a successor to Pundy and. . . . A Filipina.

JR: Bea Ranis.

AP: Bea Ranis—yeah, she was chairwoman—and [board member] Mrs. [Phyllis] Spalding came to the office and said, "Alfred, there's a delicate question we want to ask you. Don't be offended. We don't mean it that way. But are you thinking in terms of retiring?"

And I said, "Yes."

"Well when?" Well then I thought, well—when I was approached—the mandatory date, which is seventy years. And they said, "Okay."

I wrote a letter to Bea Ranis and another one to the department who handles that. And that was in the works. (Originally I planned to retire at the end of 1980, just before my seventieth birthday.) Then I changed my mind (on the date of my retirement), for what I felt were for very good reasons. Number one, the legislature changed (our) administrative body from budget to accounting [i.e., from the Department of Budget and Finance to the Department of Accounting and General Services]. We were supposed to move from the [Kamamalu] Building on the corner of Richards Street into a new building, the [old] Federal Building, for which I made

a design. And we got the division on the humanities to administer [when the Hawai'i Foundation on History and the Humanities was dissolved]. And I felt, I'm supposed to retire in December, there won't be any money available before November (of the following year). It (would) make no sense for me to (plan for activities for which my successor would bear the responsibility). I then talked to Bea Ranis and, again, translated that into writing and asked her that I could retire earlier. That was still in 1980, but in June, [at the] end of (the state fiscal year) rather than end of December. Whether there was any other reason for Bea Ranis to come (at that time) to me—whether they wanted to (have me) quit early or anything—I didn't know. They didn't say anything.

JR: Was there a change in your relationship to the board after Pundy, your longtime associate, left?

AP: The only relationship was with Bea Ranis, which was (a) sensitive (one). Bea Ranis worked for me before (as coordinator of) the Filipino arts activities. And so, quote, she worked—if you wish to say—under me. We had no friction, but she may have found it (awkward). She was always very cooperative and almost a little bit submissive, which was both feminine and Filipino feminine. I had to rely on her expertise, on her contacts, so I don't think that she was dissatisfied. But she may have been a little bit uncomfortable to order me now. But it wasn't apparent. There was no particular difficulty.

I can't help you there. I was so long in that game. And in general, they liked me, so that they sugarcoated, probably, everything a little bit, you know. If they were angry, they didn't tell me.

JR: We mentioned a change between Pundy to Ranis. What about when Governor Burns retired and Governor [George] Ariyoshi came aboard?

AP: Very little change. Ariyoshi, if you recall, was acting governor while Burns was dying and, similar to Johnson and Kennedy, felt obligated, you know, to simply execute what Burns (would have) wanted to do. The only difference is of personality, but that had nothing to do with me. I saw him operate with others. He was way more stiff. Burns looked stiff, but wasn't. Burns had the ability to put his arm around your shoulder and you were hooked.

JR: Under Burns it sounded like you had a great deal of autonomy. And that continued with Ariyoshi?

AP: Yeah. No change. Ariyoshi, as a matter of fact, through his wife, became more involved in the arts than Burns himself. Burns left Pundy alone. And Pundy left me alone, largely. I didn't touch upon it. I really had only one conflict with Pundy once, and that was minor and I didn't let it become a conflict.

We had an annual meeting out at the end of Wai'alae, that hotel—Sheraton.

JR: Kāhala Hilton.



AP: Yeah, yeah. Had an overnight meeting there. And after the session, Pundy and I walked in the dark. It was very pleasant. And we were just talking. Normally, I told him what I'm working on, what I have to do. I said, among many other things, I had to go such and such date to a meeting, again, of the National Assembly for State Arts Agencies. And Pundy blew up and said I spend too much money of the travel [fund]. The little money we have I use up, nobody else can go. Well, whether he meant himself—nobody else would have [been] justified. Pundy attended a few meetings of the National Assembly of State Arts Agencies, because that was both presidents and directors. But essentially we had to pay for that. (The assembly) had no money. So I simply said, "Okay, Pundy, I don't have to go." And that was it. (I resigned from the board of the assembly.)

It was bad. Again, I should have spoken up—and Pundy told me that later—because we lost our momentum with the Artists-in-the-Schools program. We got the money anyway, but if I would have been there, it would have been easier. It would have been, perhaps, different. I don't know. That was the only time. But I didn't let it happen. I didn't let anything happen. He felt a little bit, I believe, that I was using up funds which he, perhaps, had a right and the duty to use. I did not question him, I didn't challenge him, I simply said okay.

JR: In 1974, the house Committee on Culture and the Arts was formed. How did that help or hinder the plight of the SFCA?

AP: We (always had) hoped that the legislature would become (more) involved (with the arts program. Its) administration became more and more complicated. The legislature passed a law—I can't give you the title anymore, I forgot—in which every grant which they would give (to a private applicant) had to be (handled) by the legislature. And it was [Neil] Abercrombie, at that time he was vice-chairman and. . . . But Abercrombie was the brains (of the committee). He came up with the idea that. . . . No, I'm sorry. In order to handle it, they were held responsible (to evaluate the desirability for the project's validity and) for the expenditures. So they formed a committee, and we worked together. We worked very well together, as a matter of fact. Abercrombie was very cooperative, very interested, (and very inventive).

It was, again, Abercrombie who kept on working on that and who also, already in my time, established then a legislative authority for the state foundation to (receive and to) administer, on behalf of the legislature, such appropriations which were given in response to direct petitions to our legislature. The symphony, the [Honolulu] Theatre for Youth, the Kalihi-Pālana council, the Wai'anae council—all these organizations—the Hawai'i Opera Theatre, the opera players—they all went to the legislature to get money. And that was not a state foundation appropriation, because we operated under fixed amounts from the state and fixed amounts from the national endowment, almost without exception. Ultimately—that was underway when I left and was enacted, actually, only afterwards—the state foundation, already under my time, got the money (directly) to administer, to handle the whole thing, work with the artists, supervise them. But we did that (first) in the name of the legislature.

I think the year I left, or the year after I left, that was changed. All of these appropriations were made to the state foundation (directly), in response to applications, in which the state foundation had the obligation to work with these people as if they would have come to the state foundation from the beginning on, with the exception that the state foundation had money for that particular project without any elbow room to make changes. To my knowledge, there was no desire to make changes. If somebody had the gumption to get an appropriation, they deserved it.

The committee, as such, did not continue for a long time. A Filipina. . . .

JR: Tungpalan?

AP: [Eloise] Tungpalan became a successor to that—(and was already) in my time. We worked very closely together. She was very much interested that she could learn and become involved. She was a very helpful link in that process. She's still (a legislator).

Abercrombie did not---what happened to Abercrombie, in the meanwhile, he became a Fasi Democrat. And he and his chairman were trying to become some officers in the Fasi cabinet, whenever Fasi would become a governor. And that didn't help, especially because Fasi didn't make it. But our personal relations never changed. They were always good. Abercrombie, as a person, did quite many things. He's an idea man. My first encounter with him was negative. We had an amount set aside for a work of art at the [St. John] Plant Science [Laboratory] at the university, and which Tony Smith (was invited to do a sculpture). We had the power to hire nationally known artists, not only local artists, (for) the capitol and state building in Honolulu and at any of the universities or colleges which had an active arts program.

Now Tony Smith was a very powerful man of (national) reputation. And it wasn't my intention to tell him what to do. I had to just administer the program. He came up with an idea in which he made a group of pyramids arranged in a rectangle. Abercrombie, at that time, was still a student of the American studies and a liberal, progressive, (activist) student. He (saw the idea) instantly as a tank trap and opposed it, that it was glorifying war. We never made it. We never got it. He had a big organization of students (demonstrating) at that time. And we took it up with the [SFCA] board. And the board decided—and I was all with it—that we would withdraw that particular project.

Tony Smith, (however, was) kept on our books. He was sad. He was, I think, a little bit critical and had an attitude that we are kooks, and don't know how to deal with an artist, and something like that. But later on (he) did the big piece (for us) in front of the [University of Hawai'i at Mānoa] Art Building [*The Fourth Sign*], which [art professor Prithwish] Neogy had a great deal to do with. Neogy visited Tony Smith on the Mainland. Let me (go) back (in time). When Tony Smith was here he visited the university. Tony Smith drinks a lot, and he found friends who (were) drinking with him. He made friends, and he felt good. He liked us, or liked

Hawai'i. I didn't participate. And Neogy visited Tony Smith one day. And Tony Smith said, "Look, I still want to do something. And I know I can't do anything like that before, don't worry. I will do something which is a typical Tony Smith and which will have no difficulty. But you've got to construct it and install it."

So Neogy came to us and asked whether we could accept an unknown design by Tony Smith as a gift, which would go to the university. But we would have to pay for the site development, the construction, and the installation. Well, I was able to get it (approved). I forget (the cost)—to us, an enormous amount (of) \$36,000 or something. At that time that was lots of money. And we (asked) George Walters, the landscape architect, (to do the site work and) a steel company who were an architectural client of mine (to do the construction within the available funds). They gave us very good quotations (so) that we didn't have to go out for competitive bidding. And that was the way it was done. So Tony came out when the whole thing was installed [in 1977] and had a wonderful time. A (fascinating), strange artist.

JR: How was the . . .

AP: He sees a piece of luggage, gets excited about it—I am quoting him. That's what he told me. He went to measure it, picked up the phone, and phoned a model builder and said, "Make it." And he got just a rectangular piece like a suitcase. That was the beginning of one of his sculptures. He was inspired by the proportions of that particular piece. Artists on that level. . . . My definition of an artist still holds. They're human beings, only more so.

JR: What about your relationship with artists as director of the state foundation?

AP: Tony Smith treated me as a burden. I was as tactful as I could be and as nice as I could be, but I was government to him. So he worked with the Neogy. It was good enough for me. I have good relations with Neogy. And whenever Neogy had problems, we discussed it. I had no problems.

JR: Did local artists ever try to court you in order to . . .

AP: Court?

JR: Well, in the sense that they might influence getting a . . .

AP: No. No. I was rather prudish about these things. I never accepted a luncheon, or I never accepted a gift or anything. My architectural upbringing was that way. And in general, I had very close relations with all artists, and I had no real difficulties. The only difficulty I ever had was with an architect. And that had to do with a design of a library. He—that architect, himself—wasn't a good designer. He hired a (young architect) who was a good designer. And both of them were with me. And I made some suggestions. I worked on that basis only. I never forced them to do whatever I said. It's the Mānoa [Public] Library, by the way, where I proposed—where he had corners like that [i.e., ninety-degree corners]—to make a

slit window in (each) corner, which simply makes two things—it lets people look out, it lets a little bit daylight come in, and the shelves are separated by a little window. The architect blew up. “Look, that’s not the way I expected you to work. You’re dictating here,” which I didn’t do.

The designer, who he hired, cooled him down and said, “Lou, just wait a little bit. I like that idea. Let me work on it.”

There were some difficulties with artists (occasionally). That brilliant ceramicist—really a wonderful guy whom I discovered when he was still a student here at the university. I came over (to the art department on business with somebody else). He was sitting on a platform surrounded by thirty or forty pots in the working, and original, powerful. . . . We commissioned him to do some work [for a local high school]. He was (asked) to attend a meeting, which he did. We thought that he listened to the people. He didn’t say a word. One day, we got a call from a principal of the [high] school that the artist is installing the ceramics. Nobody has seen them, (and now) nobody (likes) them. (He didn’t show sketches or models to neither the SFCA nor the advisory committee.) There, I had to negotiate, to make—get the people together and deal with them, as if I would be the architect, and guide them, you know, step-by-step, but only in response to what they say. To use, actually, the stuff he made, but install it differently, which (he) did.

The whole thing never healed. The people didn’t like it. Nevertheless, he—in my opinion and in the opinion of the board, he was [so] good that we ought to commission him again. And we commissioned him to do a major work. It’s still not done. He just didn’t do it—accepted money, used it in order to build his workshop, and didn’t do anything. I talked recently to Ron [Yamakawa] about him, and he said he’s making progress.

We had the permission to visit outstanding artists in the studio and to buy something in their studio. I really thought that he was so outstanding. I considered him a genius. And Pundy agreed with that and everybody else agreed. No, no, no it was not Pundy anymore. It was already—I wasn’t even director anymore. Sarah Richards was director. And she asked me to come along. And we (were) to select something in the studio. They pay now any price. At that time, they didn’t yet. We had very limited funds. And we had to be very careful that we didn’t pay more than our local market would normally bear. Well, he didn’t look at the market. He charged four, six, eight times as much. We couldn’t buy anything. I became very angry at him, because he needed it. He was really—he needed funds and the commission. And we wanted him, because, in my opinion, he was that good. And there were other people who shared that feeling. We still don’t have it. He got about three-quarters of the fee, which he shouldn’t have gotten.

JR: Instances like that were rare, were they not? Were they rare? Was it rare for something like that to happen?

AP: Who?

JR: To have problems with the artists. Do you consider yourself lucky that you haven't had that many problems with artists when you were commissioning them?

AP: Oh, rare you meant.

JR: Yeah.

AP: Yes. Rare. Most artists. . . . You see, I did the USS *Arizona* Memorial. Most people (here) didn't do a job like that yet (of such scope and importance). So most (artists) felt that I was (qualified). I (never threw) my weight around, (and) I was very tactful. And we worked well together, because (they knew) I wanted (only) to help.

There was an exhibition of some work in which a local sculptor, who did a great deal of work in plastic and resin—flying birds and stuff like that, and sea animals. But he, in that particular show—he had a show at the news building, where he (did sculptures out of) normal carpentry lumber—that means two-by-fours and one-by-tens and stuff like that—and arranged (them). And I got excited about that. I said, "That's something (other people) can (learn to) do, even an inexperienced sculptor. A student could do that." And I thought that I had enough experience how to safeguard wood. I did that all the time. I knew particular resins and particular stains which would protect the wood. Well, what I didn't know is that they will say yes, they will (maintain them), but (often) they don't do it. It's up for two years, three years, four years. And all they would have to do is give it another coat (of stain) right out of the can. They didn't do it. So some of the stuff rotted. I felt very badly about it. (To) my knowledge, that did not come out to the open anywhere, yet. It may. Except it doesn't need anymore. Now they have money. They can hire somebody to (maintain and restore works of art. The SFCA now) works, as a matter of fact, with the Bishop Museum, who have a restoration outfit. And they pay a (fair) fee for that work. And it's being done in the most professional manner possible. So, money can do a great deal.

END OF SIDE TWO

TAPE NO. 20-13-4-90; SIDE ONE

JR: Mr. Preis, we mentioned the Arts Council [of Hawai'i], but pretty briefly. I was wondering if there was anything more you wanted to add about its role or the impact it's had on SFCA programs?

AP: Well basically, we needed to have an organization which was able and authorized to speak to the legislature, to the governor, to officials, which (we as) state employees (were not allowed to) do. That was one point. We also wanted to have an input from the outside, so that if improvements could be made in our work, the people would not hesitate to speak (and to testify).

When Pat Hartwell took over (the directorship of the Arts Council of Hawai'i) [in



1976], she had an enormous enthusiasm and energy and (know-how). But her experience (was) essentially limited to (the) visual arts, and her interests were focused onto (the) visual arts. She knew a great deal about it. So she arranged for shows to travel and did work like this, which was valuable. Again, we couldn't help her as much as we should have. We really never had money to ship a whole show from here to the neighbor islands and make it circulate. They have now money to do that. They didn't have it when Pat Hartwell worked. So she raised private funds and did some of that. And she was very good. She had an enormous understanding for visual arts. She knew a great deal about the market. She was singlehandedly responsible, I would say, to point the finger onto what goes on in Waikiki, you know, that people were—they sell thousands of prints, making the public believe that they're originals and that the artist is involved. It was all phony. It went, finally, to court. And they were convicted. That was her doing. She wrote reviews. She wrote in the paper well, intelligently. To a certain extent, when we could reorganize our funding for a newsletter, we were able to give her the money for a newsletter. And she did that very well. And then I left.

JR: You mentioned not being able to get shows to the neighbor islands. How do you feel that the SFCA did in getting arts and culture, and your various programs, to the neighbor islands?

AP: Well, primarily with (budgeted) funds which we were able to give to the neighbor islands outright—they were workshop funds, as if they would have been here or anywhere else. They applied, and they were reviewed by a review committee, and they made a recommendation to the board. The board (usually) discussed (the applications) with me. They approved it or didn't approve it. But again, the funds were meager and (inadequate).

Most of our work was done on Maui by Pundy and the other islands by me. I was able to find people who (lived) there who were willing to help (without salaries) and who had enjoyed some respect in the community. And they became leaders. And they did a great deal. And that is still operating on a semi-volunteer basis. They have a little bit more money now than we could give them (then). But in my time, we gave them, increasingly, funds so that they could do something on a local level. They brought in jurors from here, or they shared the juror—with the [Honolulu] Academy of Arts—from the Mainland and used the funds which we gave them for activities like that. Still do that.

JR: When the foundation was created back in 1965 and the various community arts councils were set up, you had certain expectations for what they would be doing. Over the years, did they carry out the mission that you initially had in mind?

AP: Yes. (We assisted in the funding of administrative work, for workshops in the various art forms, and in exhibitions and visiting lecturers.) However, we never gave them the money they needed. They have more money now. We tried to develop programs which could be anchored on the neighbor islands. We used the 1 percent program where we had a commission on neighbor islands, and we linked with these commissions workshops and all kinds of other activities. And that was

probably the most important thing we could do. We had, once—and I think I talked about that already before—we had a national endowment grant for environmental design . . .

JR: Yeah, yeah, we spoke about that.

AP: . . . which was cooperated with great intensity and enthusiasm and success on the neighbor islands. But wherever an opportunity arose, we did it. But we simply did not have the money to treat the neighbor islands as we wanted to treat our people here. We didn't have enough money for the people here. They do now. They have way more money now. If I would be envious, which I'm not, I would be envious.

JR: Do you think that's one of Sarah Richards' primary accomplishments then? The . . .

AP: I don't know who did it, but I always credited her. She may not have done as much as I thought.

JR: How closely did you follow the SFCA after your retirement in 1980?

AP: I stayed away as much as I could. I determined that I'm not going to be a kibitz. So I made myself available, let them know that if I (would) help in any way, but I left them alone.

JR: Were you ever asked to help?

AP: Oh yes. Basically on acquisition programs for the 1 percent program. In a way, they considered me as the father of that, you know, and that I (had something of) a particular expertise there. In general, I had continued good relations with certain individuals. But I did not go to the board of the state foundation. The first time they invited me to an annual meeting was last year. And I recently got invited to do that again.

JR: I want to ask you about something that I find a little bit curious, just on paper at least.

AP: Anything.

JR: Your background, your very strong background in European opera and theater—and we talked a lot about that earlier, in your youth . . .

AP: Yes and no. When I was confronted with becoming involved with the state foundation, I (was not sure at all that I would be up to it). I said, for instance, "What am I going to do? I don't like the theater here. I think they are (poor). What am I going to do?" I knew how good the symphony was, and I knew that they did not measure up to any first-rate orchestra. My background, if you really want to rely on my background, was my early infection of social democratic liberalism, of an inclination which I absorbed as a child that things need to be done for the people and not for the rich people alone. That is what I brought from Europe.

(I always voted Democrat.)

"Why?"

"Because I liked Roosevelt."

"Why (did) you like Roosevelt?"

"Because he gave (us hope and confidence) in Vienna (in his fireside talks, which were broadcast)."

What I did in Vienna, I couldn't use here. There wasn't anything (yet) which was done here in Hawai'i of a level which would have (been) noticed in Vienna or (succeeded). They must have had people who were less experienced, but I didn't know about that. In general, the public was exposed to first-rate activities, whatever they were.

JR: You came with that background, though, the strong, at least, exposure to European arts, right? And during Sarah Richards' tenure, she was criticized for having a lot of . . .

AP: European.

JR: Yeah.

AP: Western.

JR: Western is the word that was used. Western art . . .

AP: You see, my saving grace was that I—after Burns, not directly criticized me, but made me understand that our obligation was not for the *Haoles* only, but for all the people. And I mentioned to you that I really felt ashamed, that with my own background, with my own predisposition, that I didn't do that all by myself, that basically I, myself, started out in an entirely Western way by imitating what Quinn did with his commission, by nominating, or recommending to Burns, the same people Quinn had, which was idiotic. Quinn was an opponent to Burns and was a Republican. But that's the way I was, not very experienced. I couldn't use my clique experience. The fact that I had conversations with Bruno Walter and with [Felix von] Weingartner and Richard Strauss I enjoyed, but I never had an opportunity to use [that experience]. I couldn't.

Basically, (we) came with the help of the Catholic refugee organization. And I felt that (we) ought to go to church. My wife was more devout than I was. We went once. And we were so disgusted with the prejudice, with the narrow-mindedness, we never went again. I went to the community theater. I was so desperate. It was so bad. We never went again. I'm speaking of pre-state foundation.

Now, basically my experience in Vienna was not helpful with the arts per se. It

educated me. But I had to transpose and translate it now through the general climate (in Hawai'i), which I (tried to absorb and reflect already in my architectural practice and my deep involvement with what I considered my real clients, the local population. My philosophic bias was Freudian, humanistic.)

You may know about the housing projects they did in Vienna. They were quite famous, were huge, and were full of facilities which astounded everybody else. They also had works of art, every building. But what they did couldn't be done in America. When they had a building and opened it up—and let's say they had 800 apartments—they first chose a hundred people who were well educated, who had the capability to speak to simple people, to become catalysts, to teach them how to behave in the building. You can't do that here. The Viennese accepted it. They knew that they [i.e., the less-educated people] didn't know how to use a bathroom. So if somebody came there, knocked at the door, and gave them a lecture, they accepted that, gladly. You couldn't do that here.

We did not have, in Vienna, different ethnic groups as we have here. We have them in a much older manner. Hostilities were much deeper. We had Hungarians, we had Czechs, we had Yugoslavs--no, no, not (yet) Yugoslavs--Slavs, Slovaks, Croatians, (Macedonians), and Italians. They were all citizens of Austria. And they were all enemies of each other. They all wanted to undo the monarchy and wanted to—very simply, wanted to have power. The Hungarians ultimately succeeded. They got themselves a parallel form of government, so that the emperor was the king of Hungary (while) emperor of the empire. But the Hungarians did whatever they wanted. Well, the Czechs wanted to have the same thing. And the Germans resisted and the Hungarians resisted. So 1914 [i.e., World War I] broke out because of that, basically. Russia had no interest in Sarajevo. Their interest was that we mistreated the Slavs, as America is doing now. (As) we are the cops now, Austria was, at that time, the cop.

JR: Have you noticed a change in the local community . . .

AP: Where?

JR: . . . to Western versus ethnic arts?

AP: Here?

JR: Yeah.

AP: Well, number one, I think we were (very) successful in the ethnic arts. Except that it is not pursued anymore (with the same emphasis). We established a Filipino program and the Hawaiian program as first priorities. And we did a great deal of work with the Filipinos, where most of the work was done on the neighbor islands. I had to travel there and I had to organize. And there, Bea Ranis became the coordinator. She traveled a lot, and she telephoned a lot, and she did very much. That has largely been dropped.

There are funding appropriations now which. . . . The folk arts, for instance. The [current] Folks Arts [program] is something totally different from what we did. Good, valuable, but it's really patterned after the Mainland. You have the kind of crafts—handicrafts, as you called it earlier—which are popular on the Mainland, and they have been heavily supported here. The state foundation got a young woman [Lynn Martin] from the Mainland to establish that program. And she was tops. But the ethnic arts were neglected.

We had a strong program in Tongan art with—what's the other people?

JR: Samoans.

AP: Samoans. We talked about that already. We had a Portuguese program. We had Korean programs. We had programs in every ethnic art. We began with Okinawans when I was still in the state foundation. We never completed it, we had just started. But there, Pundy was of enormous help. And at that time, my board was of enormous help. And Bea Ranis, of course, identified herself with that, because that's the way she came in touch with the state foundation. There I could say that I didn't even know that Sarah would have been criticized for that. She could have been. If I would have ever criticized her, I would have criticized her for that. I never did. I felt that was not my role and not my temperament.

JR: Has the SFCA failed? You're mentioning some areas where the SFCA seems to have dropped its support. Has it failed, in your opinion, in any areas?

AP: Well, that's a matter of opinion.

JR: Yeah. Well, in your opinion.

AP: Well, in my opinion, I regret that they did not continue to pursue the ethnic arts, our local ethnic arts—which is written into our law—in as comprehensive a manner as we did). Our law says culture and the arts, not humanities, not history, (but) culture. I think I gave you the definition once before, in which, in the clearest way—the arts, customs, mores, and (traditions) of the various parts of our people. (But the SFCA introduced and intensified its work in the Western folk arts—saddle making, for example.) The Hawaiians don't need it (as much as before. There are other, newer Hawaiian funding sources.) And, to a certain extent, the Filipinos don't need it (as much). And there, I would say, the state foundation deserves (much) credit. We did not only very much but we did a good job. And, to a certain extent, we did the same thing for the Samoans, and we did the same thing for the Tongans through the Samoans. And we began to become quite successful with the Koreans. And, as I mentioned, we started—but only started—to work with the. . . .

JR: Samoans?

AP: No, no. The Japanese group.



JR: Okinawans?

AP: Okinawans, yeah.

JR: Just dreaming right now, what would you like to see the SFCA do in the future?

AP: If it is not too late, I would like them to establish, on a much higher level now, with more funding, for which they have access, the ethnic arts. We need it, desperately. Our race relations, which we brag so much about, we have reason to fear, in my opinion. Our young people hate society. They (are uprooted and) don't identify themselves with anything constructive. The young Filipinos, young Koreans, they are utterly alienated. Now, this we wanted to avoid.

I think I mentioned it to you that I, myself, came here misinformed, that I felt that the melting pot is the ideal. And it was Bob Griffing [of the Honolulu Academy of Arts]—and I was lucky that I listened to him—who explained to me that what we really need (are for the authentic traditional arts to be rediscovered, cherished with pride, and creatively continued). And it's up to (all of) us to learn and be enriched by (them). Yes, I would like to see that.

(The SFCA) will, without a question—and I (enthusiastically) applaud it—they will establish a state museum. They will have a place in which they not only store, but maintain the works (of art acquired under the re-established and restored Art in Public Places program) and in which they will have constant exhibitions at good locations (on all the islands), where they can then experiment—as we had to do with *Maybe Blue*—to find out how far the people (can be interested). To what extent is it possible for the people to accept the humiliating fact—to accept that (the appreciation and absorption of the arts must be learned, like foreign languages, which they really are). The saying, "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like," really means (that the person has already learned to enjoy the arts of the past).

We, to a certain extent, are regressing in music. We are becoming more Western (but not necessarily better). I believe that the Western music is the highest of all art forms (mankind has achieved) anywhere.

I mentioned to you that even the present exciting high level and form of the Merrie Monarch Festival—which grew into, I think, the most live artistic presentation ever of anything we had here, even comparing it with the American Conservatory Theatre which visited us for about fifteen years, every year, which we at that time felt was the outstanding thing. But what the Hawaiians are doing is fantastic. And they need help. They need—for instance, their experimental enthusiasm to have men dance is fading. They're finding few men who find it to be manly, masculine to dance as they did in the beginning. They did that, at that time, in order to demonstrate their belligerence, their militancy, their athletic prowess as potential warriors. All of these dances were warrior dances, with very few exceptions. They prudently avoided sexual dances, which were very strong among the Hawaiians. What they did, basically, were nationalistic, fascistic Hawaiian self-expressions,

but not politically at that time, but artistically. I don't know what is the cause and the result. That is changing. The emphasis is more on politics now in their militancy and not so much in art.

I have not heard any continuation on the *mele*, which almost died—has died. Nobody knew that it has died, or almost died, when we restarted it again. That should have been continued, because, you see, (the *meles* and all traditional poetry have been replaced by the so-called lyrics of rock and roll).

What I wanted to tell you, by the way, on art education (is) that the real message of arts in education is that, in the truest sense, it is an (impulse) in creativity in which. . . . I'm personally convinced that all children are geniuses until they lose it. They lose it with the first spanking they get, the first criticism they get, or the first lecture they get from mama or papa, which the kids have no way of absorbing. But their biologic growth, in which, in a greedy way, they reach out to learn, to experience—(they work-play on their projects until they like the results, just as creative artists do art activities that are self-gratifying. What higher reward for work and learning?)

This is why, I believe, the Arts in Education program is so vital. Now, it is vital because it teaches our kids to like to do what they are forced to do now and hate, because art teaches them to do things until they like it. They have their scribbling and scribbling until, in their own minds, they are satisfied with it. And they keep on doing more, and more, and more. They grow. They become better, not necessarily in an adult sense, in their own level, just the way we have people in Africa and aborigines everywhere who have their own arts, which is utterly dissimilar and alien to what we cherish, but they like. They're adults. They didn't lose it yet. We lost it.

I have two kids. They are both artists, not because we taught them, but we didn't object. We didn't beat it out of them. My son (always wanted) to be an architect and an artist. (My daughter does ceramic jewelry and silk-screened garments of high artistic quality and supports herself and her equally talented son by creating "what she likes.")

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

AP: The first year in my university training, we had a mathematics professor who looked a little like [Albert] Einstein—hair like that. And, almost like a clown, he jumped around and was (agitated and enthusiastic). But he felt it that way. He (was a wonderful teacher). And he wasn't satisfied until we (too) acted like magicians. We (learned to) do things we couldn't do, but we did (and to love it). He was an artist. Einstein, (as a scientist, was a genius. As a human being, he) was an artist. (Remember, an artist is a human being, only more so.)

JR: I really don't have any more questions for you. I'm wondering if you have anything that you'd like to add as a closing thought.

AP: Well, to a certain extent, I said it all. But let me summarize it, if you can [allow me]. I do believe deeply that the arts [reside] in the truly human area where each individual is going to do something he or she does because he or she wants to do something well, and does it better and better and better, until he or she gets gratified. This is the essence of a successful life, because you can do it as a cook, you can do that by making beds. I make beds better than my wife, and she doesn't like the idea.

(Laughter)

AP: But I'm simply compulsive. You've got to have a streak of compulsion in order to try to do something better. Without that need to do something over and over again, you just don't do it. I think I volunteered that before. I did two works in architecture which I and the public in general consider to be good [i.e., First United Methodist Church on Beretania Street and the USS *Arizona* Memorial]. Both of them I had to do over again, not because they made me—I wanted to do it over again. That's easily explained. By that time, I knew really all about it [i.e., each design]. And all I had to do was shift it in such a way that it fell into place. It's another discovery I made.

The creative process is only what I tried to describe to you, that is the knack to get gratification out of what you're doing. That is really the economy of it. In truth, in art there's no creation, there's only discovery. You are staring at that paper, or whatever you have, until you find something there—a speck of dust or a spot of paint—which is beginning to stir and for you to do something with it. All major art, with the exception of music—which is (mankind's greatest) achievement, because it's a combination of creative accomplishment and intellectual accomplishment at the same time. Music is mathematics—you've got to divide it in three-quarters or whatever it is—especially in contemporary music. It's (glory).

So where do we go from here? We are better here in Hawai'i because we're (still innocent and pleasure seeking). We don't know what they want us to do. If you would (only) do what they want us to do, we would do junk. We wouldn't even do what we are doing now. (All they want us to do is please the janitors.) How do you keep it clean? (By loving and respecting what has been created for us, not) by painting it a green-brown so you don't see the dirt. That has changed a great deal. And there, I feel that the state foundation—I must say I, myself, had a great deal to do with it, with my compulsiveness and my knack of being not at the time authoritarian. Did I tell you how I was cured of being authoritarian?

JR: (Laughs) No, you didn't.

AP: I think I was (in my first month in Hawai'i). The firm I worked for had a young Chinese client and his wife and a baby child. He used to be a Chinese actor. She was a Chinese (housewife and mother). And I had the opportunity to—was asked

by Connie Conrad to come there and help, give advice or criticize. I was completely green, but I was fresh, so I was useful. And there I discovered for the first time that I was incapable to work with local people. They had a Japanese contractor, as (most and all good) contractors (were) at that time. . . . The fellow that I deal with was a young fellow. He spoke English. The fellow who was under the floor rafters, whom I didn't see (at first), was his father, really in charge.

I (had just come) from Vienna, a Viennese. I wore a white smock, as (all intellectuals, doctors, and artists) did in Vienna. When I had a job to test concrete, I wore a white smock. In the drafting room, I wore a white smock. I (made a comment without the intention of) criticizing, you know, or that I said anything in such a way (to be) critical. (But what came out of me must of sounded and looked that way.) That young (contractor)—a very muscular, you know, but short, young Japanese (fellow) who spoke reasonably (good) English—he put his fists into his hips, stared at me, and said, “How dare you speak to my father that way?” I don't know what I said. I don't [know] what I did. But evidently, I said something that displeased him. I was shocked. That was not my intention, that was not my (attitude), that wasn't the way I (thought I was). And I tried to figure out what I did wrong. Well, the first thing was I did, (I never wore) a smock. (This) was the uniform of authority, of separateness, (of arrogance of Europe).

And I had to learn a lot (more), you know. For instance, I complained to Ossipoff, with whom I had constant, very free discussions, that I couldn't get a detail out of these people. They didn't do it the way I wanted it. And Ossipoff said, “Why do you want to have that they do it the way you want it? They do it for all their lives. They know it much better than you do.” (This was another of) my lessons. I had to unlearn everything I knew.

But because I was young, scared, but already adult—I brought my wife here and I had a responsibility—I was convinced I would (get fired sooner rather than later). When I was on (the) ship (approaching) Hawai'i, the (closer we came to Hawai'i, the) more panicky I became. I said, “All I know is the little thing I did in Vienna. How can I use it here? They're totally different.” I knew that everything I knew, I couldn't use. Everything I needed, I had to (relearn). My training was so (stringent) that I had to know (everything) by heart, the dimensions of a screw and a nut and whatever you had. And I had to know by heart all the formulas for engineering. They were all in (the metric system). I could never use them [in Hawai'i]. I had never time to learn how to (translate) one system into the other. I did a Downtown building, which is still standing. (I still) look at it. I designed (everything too small), in a wrong scale.

JR: I said I didn't have any more questions for you, but I have one more. I lied. Looking back at the SFCA as a part of your life, do you feel that you were maybe in the right place at the right time?

AP: Yes, undeservedly so. I would have never, never thought that I could do (what I did). If it wouldn't have been for three fellows, younger than myself, who were unmarried at that time, living in Waikiki. And we happened to meet them and

became loosely befriended. They (were convinced) that since I come from Vienna, I would be interested (and versed) in the arts. I didn't (think) that they persuaded me, but evidently (something stuck). And somehow—that sounds arrogant (and self-laudatory)—the longer I worked, the more I felt [that] whatever comes up, (regardless of how much) I sweat, I sigh, I cuss, ultimately (I was able to do it). And I answered most of your questions that way, I think, that you must have the impression that I had a good time. Yes, there were criticisms, but I must have felt that I deserved them. They didn't depress me, they didn't worry me. I just simply tried to see and find out what are they after (and how to make it better).

JR: So you did have a good time.

AP: I had a good time. Yes. I would say that I had the most marvelous life you can imagine. I was so lucky in everything I did, which means that I didn't do anything I deserved. Except—I was eighteen years old, and I had a friend who was seven years older than I was and much smarter than I was, and argued with him about philosophy. And I told him once that luck doesn't exist. "You've got to be prepared for luck, you've got to be conditioned for luck. Unless you are all ready to do what you consider luck, you wouldn't do [it]." That fellow, who recognized my (little knowledge) only in mathematics and in the sciences and was far superior in everything else, credited me then that I really said something of value. And I learned more from it than he probably did. But the sheer fact that I left Vienna—never mind the Nazis, never mind that I would probably never (have) survived physically, but let's assume I would have stayed there and would have been surviving. [In Vienna] I (would) never (have even had the opportunity to do) these few things which I did.

Can you imagine that two young, crazy people—my future wife and I—we went to movies (to see) South Seas (movies. So we decided) to go to Hawai'i (to live). I wrote letters to architects (in America). Most of them were dead. I told you the story already. One of them sent (my) letter to a (young designer, Connie Conrad), who worked in Hawai'i, and he gives me a job. In New York, we had no money. (The) priest over there (in the Catholic refugee organization asked) me, "Tell me what I can do for you?" He arranged—I couldn't have done it—that (we could) come to Hawai'i (on a freighter. I couldn't speak English.) I was so incompetent when I came here, I was absolutely useless. Any (other) person would have fired me after one week. They didn't. They gave me a chance to become a designer. Unbelievable. I (married) a girl who I didn't deserve. That (became) my life, (my life in Hawai'i, in paradise).

JR: Well, thank you. This has been really enjoyable.

END OF INTERVIEW



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